

THE AMERICAN
LEGION
MAGAZINE

PAGE 14

MIRACLE *at the*
IRON CURTAIN

PAGE 18

RABIES...

A PUBLIC HEALTH DISGRACE

JULY 1955



The Glorious Fourth

PERMANENT FILE

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

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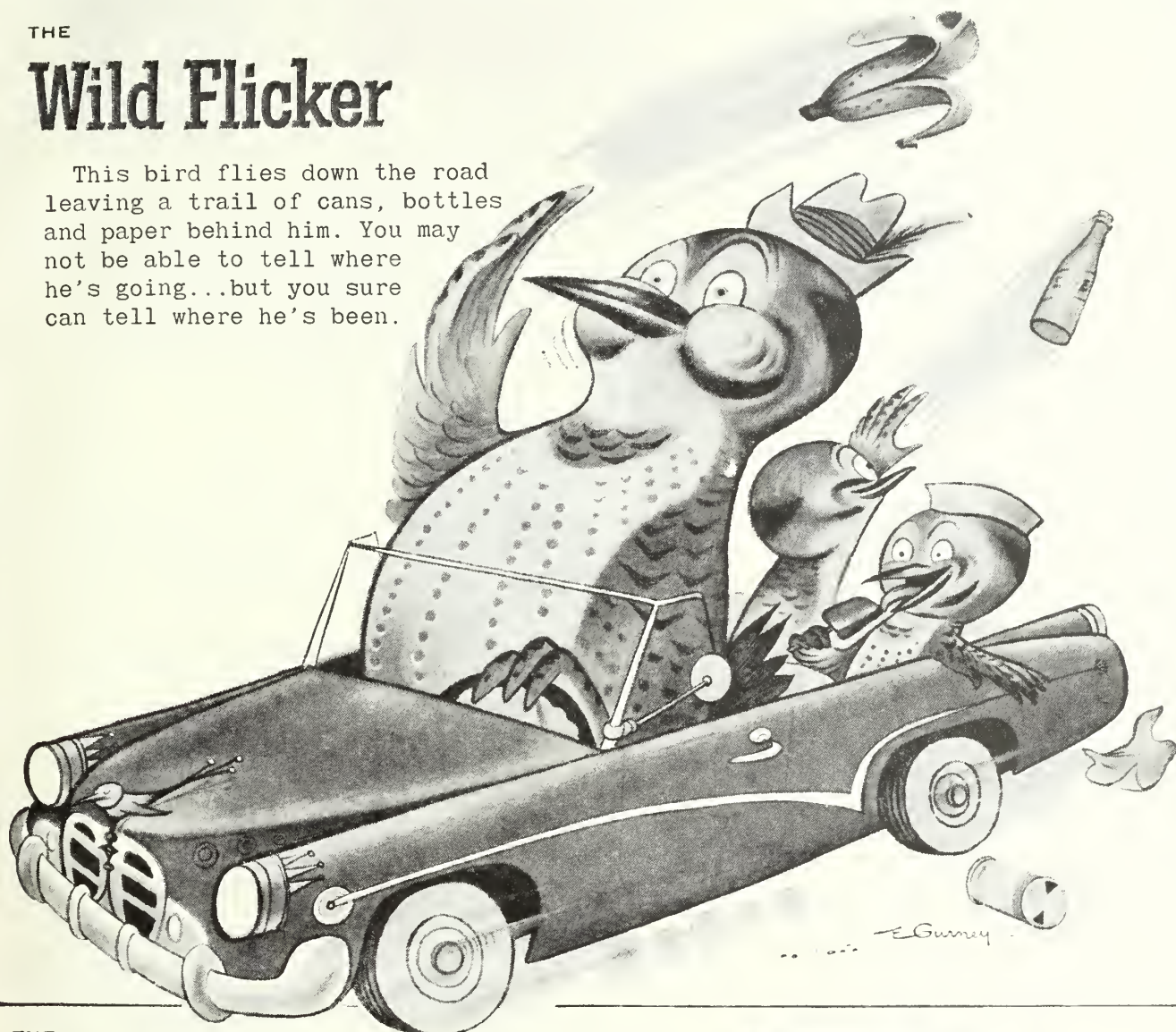


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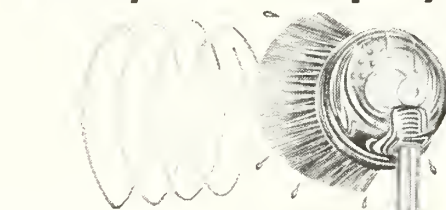
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Vol. 59; No. 1; July, 1955

THE AMERICAN

LEGION

MAGAZINE

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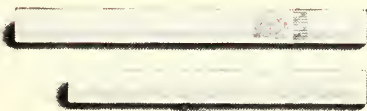
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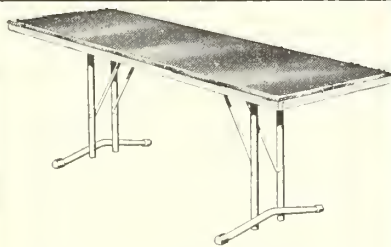
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Sound Off!



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WANTS LIST

Sir: How about publishing a list of subversive organizations with dignified and misleading names? That way the boys will be able to expose the front organizations for what they really are. How about it?

Irving Browne
Brooklyn

▼ See "Editor's Corner," page 6.



ON FEET

Sir: A Bronze Star with two foot leaf clusters to George H. Waltz's excellent coverage of the subject, "The Trouble with Feet." Any Foot Slogger will attest to how much trouble a pair of feet can be. Also, which branch of the military was the first to establish a Podiatry Corps? The Army you say? Nope, it was the Navy—strange isn't it?

Donald S. Afrait, DSC
Columbus, Ohio

MISSING LINKS

Sir: There are about twenty million veterans. The combined membership of all veterans organizations is less than four million. If you separated duplicate memberships, where the same man belongs to more than one organization, then the total probably wouldn't be more than three millions. Now where are the other seventeen millions? It seems to me the reason why a good many of the missing links don't belong to the Legion is because they get what they want without the payment of dues. After about nine years, I have about reached the conclusion that we should only do service and rehabilitation work, as we define it in Ohio, for Legionnaires, widows and orphans. The same goes nationally, too. Our service people do work for about 80,000 veterans in Ohio. Less than 25 percent are even card-carrying members in the Legion. The other 75 percent just drag their feet because they get what they want without being members. We have plenty of cases to prove the point, make no mistake about that. Invari-

ably the fellow who has the toughest case to win is not a member of The American Legion, and after you win the case for him he still won't belong. From strictly a mercenary point of view, maybe we should quit squabbling about the Hoover Report and let it come to pass. When the infamous Economy Act was adopted in 1932, then the veterans decided they wanted to fight, and joined in droves. Maybe the adoption of at least a part of the Hoover Report would wake them up to the fact that only those things which are worth fighting for are worth having.

Joseph S. Dentschle
Department Adjutant
Columbus, Ohio

GLOBALISM

Sir: Zane B. Thurston's article on World Government leaves quite a bit to be desired. By using semantic trickery he infers that many supporters of the World Federal Government are Godless, unpatriotic and tinged with liberal traitorous tendencies or worse. Those of us who can think of Hydrogen wars can also come up with no solution which is workable other than strengthening the U.N. toward the eventual goal of outlawing war under a world enforceable "World Law."

Plc. Burton S. Kaufman
Brookline, Mass.

FROM A SURVIVOR

Sir: The article in your May issue, "The Shame of the Jap Navy," awakened tragic memories of a brutal three-day ordeal in the Indian Ocean I underwent following the torpedoing of the SS *Jean Nicolet*—the torpedoing, the killing in cold blood, the tortured hours on the deck of the Jap Sub I-8 . . . I write this letter because I want you to know that I feel Commander Smith has rendered a service by bringing this information and the background of plotting which brought it about, to the attention of the American public to show what can happen when you let your guard down in the troubled field of international relations. All is not sweetness and light in this world of ours; the law of the jungle still prevails and it is for us

of the Legion to alert the country and keep it alerted to know that we must never let our guard down or be anything but strong and powerful. Any misunderstanding about the effect of a complacent policy can swiftly be resolved when you read in Commander Smith's article that atrocities of the type he outlines were deliberately used to "scare" American seamen out of service in merchant ships. The Japs found out that we don't scare too easily but it took a lot of war of retaliation to convince them. Perhaps there are still countries which may likewise need convincing. But a better policy would be to let them know in advance what the consequences of any mistake on their part would be.

John J. Gussak
Col. USAR
New York City

▼ A complete account of Col. Gussak's experiences appeared in *Saga Magazine* last November. *The Editors*

NOT INFORMED?

Sir: Rudy Vallee talked about an American Legion Convention being just a lot of fun and a lot of drinking on a recent Kraft Foods Co. program. Evidently the Kraft Foods Co. and Mr. Vallee are not informed on the humanitarian programs of The American Legion.

Frank C. Daquet
Wamego, Kans.

WANTS BETTER ENTERTAINMENT

Sir: The public is getting tired of two types of plays: the gangster TV plays and the legitimate theatre plays concerning homosexuals and uncontrollable sex urges. Where are the fine plays we used to see?

William Ross
Brooklyn



PRIOR CLAIM

Sir: In your May issue you state that the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier derived its permanent guard through action of The American Legion in 1926. I make a prior claim; my personal act in securing the permanent guard in 1923. I have a letter from C. R. Slemm, personal secretary of President Coolidge dated October 22, 1923; also, a letter from John W. Weeks then Secretary of War, dated November 3, 1923. [Both letters acknowledged Mr. Hatch's recommendation but did not indicate that action would be taken.] After writing the President, receiving the Secretary of War's letter, I feared the matter was closed and my effort a futile gesture.

(Continued on page 57)



From where I sit by Joe Marsh

Learn How to Pull Together

Saw a kid go by the *Clarion* office on a brand-new coaster wagon yesterday—and it reminded me of when my brother and I were about forty years younger.

Our folks weren't poor, but there wasn't enough to buy two wagons for Christmas. We got one between us. Dad made a rule that we each could have it for a week—but the boy with the wagon was responsible for keeping the kitchen wood-box filled.

Seemed a bargain to Bud and me—at first. But soon we discovered it was no more fun playing alone than working alone. It wasn't long before we were sharing the wagon in return for sharing the chores.

From where I sit, you can't enjoy a privilege yourself if you're going to deny it to others. There are some folks who want the right to enjoy their favorite beverage—but would deny me my right to an occasional glass of beer. I doubt if such people get their full "share" of happiness, though.

Joe Marsh

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Editor's Corner



PARTY LINE

NOW that the communists and their ever-ready stooges have knocked off a few of our legally elected officials who were hurting them, they are giving more attention to those who have damaged them by daring to testify against the ringleaders of the red conspiracy.

Using a few psychopaths as evidence, the commies are pulling all the stops in an effort to prove that all those who identified the red wretches are bums. The commies could not discredit the good witnesses in court, despite all the shyster tricks in the book, but they are now doing a pretty good job of discrediting them out of court. Some of our most influential molders of public opinion have pitched in on this Operation Smear, and it seems to be having an effect. Even a few Legionnaires are falling for the commie line that the only good ex-communist is one who never opens his mouth against the party faithful.

WORTH STUDYING

ONE of the letters appearing in "Sound Off" this month is typical of many received by this magazine. It asks us to publish a list of subversive organizations, but unfortunately that is not as simple as it may seem. There are many different lists, and by the time we published all of them there wouldn't be much room in any particular issue for anything else.

Fortunately, something is being done about it. We keep hearing about new projects which should do much to inform people everywhere about the true nature of communism and those who serve it either openly or in some sneaky guise. One such project we mentioned recently, the Ithaca Reading Room, where even Cornell students may learn about communism. As a result of this mention, The American Legion of Westchester County announced that it would soon open a similar information center in White Plains. Also, the Annapolis and Anne Arundel County Public Library has installed a book shelf on the red menace, and another is being installed in the St. Mary's County Library at Leonardtown, Md., thanks to Falbot T. Speer, publisher of the Capital-Gazette Press, Inc., Annapolis.

On a more elaborate scale, a public library is being established in Washington where people can get all sorts of material on totalitarian groups. Papers of incorporation have already been filed for this

"Foundation of American Research," and the incorporators are D. Milton Ladd, who retired last year as an assistant to J. Edgar Hoover, and Washington attorney's Daniel L. O'Connor and Aaron W. Jackson.

The library will include material both pro and con, but that is as it should be. The main thing is to get people to know all about communism and those who play the red game.

Incidentally, it would be refreshing to find the Carnegie, Rockefeller, or Ford Foundations making a handsome grant to "Foundation of American Research" or some of the other organizations which try to fight communism, and which manage to do it without hiring a lot of left-wingers. However, "refreshing" is probably not the right word. Let's change it to "unlikely".

SOUNDS FAMILIAR

ONE OF our readers, commenting on the so-called New or Modern Education, the current alias for the Progressive variety, points out that there is nothing new or modern about it, that the philosophy behind it goes back to ancient Greece, to the Sophists. We're glad to get this in the record, together with the information that this sort of bamboozling was known centuries ago as "sophistry," and if you'll consult Webster you'll find that this is a synonym for "deceptively subtle reasoning or argumentation."

That great philosopher Socrates tried to show up those early-day Progressives but what happened to him has a strangely familiar ring. An outfit under one Anytus, which might have called itself the Hellenic Citizens Commission for the Sophisticated Schools, framed old Soc, and the condemned man had to drink the hemlock. Maybe some of the people at our bigger teachers' colleges know a little bit about ancient history after all.

GOOD WILL ABROAD

WE KEEP hearing about elaborate propaganda projects to make other peoples think well of us, but on page 14 you will learn how a handful of GIs outdid the best of the global publicists. Their system, in effect, merely applied the Golden Rule, which generally does work out well.

The story, "Miracle at the Iron Curtain," tells about the 24th Constabulary Squadron. It also discusses the Unit's Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Ralph F. Miles. When the article was set in type, proofs were sent to the author, Walker A. Tompkins. With his reply came the following from Colonel Miles:

"During the development of the German-American relationship program in Germany, [I] was in constant communication with National Commander Lewis K. Gough. . . . Prior to my entry on duty in 1948 I had served on Commander Gough's Executive Committee when he was Commander of Post 13 at Pasadena, California. Commander Gough's interest in the work accomplished in Germany, and in me especially, created a deeper enthusiastic approach to my problems."

As they say, it's a small world.

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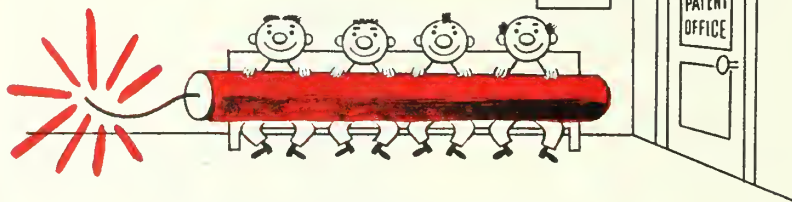
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PRODUCTS PARADE



A sampling of items which are in process of development or are coming on the market. Mention of products in no way constitutes an endorsement of them, since in most cases they are described as represented by manufacturers.

GLASS PERC

A new type of coffee-maker that combines some of the best features of the old reliable percolator and the vacuum type is being offered by Hand Craft Novelty Co., 2339 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, in their Percmaster. Using the percolator method, it is made of Pyrex glass so no metallic flavor is imparted to the beverage. When the coffee is made, the basket inside with the grounds is removed and the coffee pot becomes an attractive table piece. For this purpose it comes with a "warmer trivet" made of iron and brass, whose base contains a candle that will keep the coffee piping hot for hours. The price for an eight-cup model is \$6.98.

DO RUG REPAIRS

A do-it-yourself kit to repair damaged rugs is now available called Rug-Weld. The kit contains a dispenser of plastic rug cement and a nap-gathering tool and sells for \$2.00. The tool gathers undamaged nap which is sealed permanently into damaged sections with the cement. It is available from Rug-Weld Mfg. Co., Box 3446, St. Paul, Minn.



IMPROVED LIGHTER

A revolutionary new cigarette lighter said to represent the first major change in lighter engineering in more than 25 years, is offered by Elgin American, of Elgin, Ill., in their Featherlite model. In this lighter, the lighting unit is designed as a complete unit and can be lifted out of the case. The fuel compartment is hermetically sealed, and as a result there is no chance of leakage into the lighting unit to make the lighting wheel inoperative. Other advantages of this design are that it does not require frequent refilling and it permits the

ultimate in compactness. The price range is from \$4.95 for simulated black onyx, to \$20 for sterling silver.



CARRY-ALL

A versatile flip-open picnic bag which can carry a lot of almost anything is being introduced by Fashioncraft Products, 185 30th St., Brooklyn. Called the Thermo-Trav'ler, it is steel-reinforced and covered and lined with Krene, which means that it can be loaded with things which would ruin conventional bags. Designed primarily to hold foods, beverages or baby's things, it is big and rugged enough to take care of any toting chores. Available in three sizes up to 17 1/2 by 8 1/2 inches, it retails at from \$5.98 to \$7.98.

UTILITY LIGHT

An ingenious utility lantern, whose new-type battery serves as the case, has been developed by the Burgess Battery Co., Freeport, Ill. By eliminating the weight of usual outer case the manufacturer has been able to provide two 6-volt batteries which give at least twice the life of the ordinary single battery. These batteries are sealed in steel, and the terminals serve to hold a bracket with two lights. One of these is an adjustable beam spotlight and the other a red light which flashes 50 times a minute. The Radar-Lite sells for \$11.95.

SUN LENS

Flexible plastic lenses which fasten to your regular glasses to convert them into sun glasses are announced by Champion Mfg. Co., 111 Highland Ave., Highland Park, Mich. The new lenses adhere to the surface of the regular glass lenses and may be trimmed to the exact shape and size. Unbreakable, they may be removed and used over and over. The price is 50¢ a pair.

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Short Sleeve Sport Shirts

Cool, lightweight cotton. Guaranteed washable. Tan, white or grey. Small, medium, large, extra large. No. 77577. Each..... **\$2⁹⁵**



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Broadcloth, sport collar—wear open or with a tie. Large button-down pockets and shoulder straps. Neat uniform appearance with summer comfort. Small, medium, large, extra large.

No. 77527 **\$3⁸⁵**
WHITE

No. 77537 **\$3⁹⁵**
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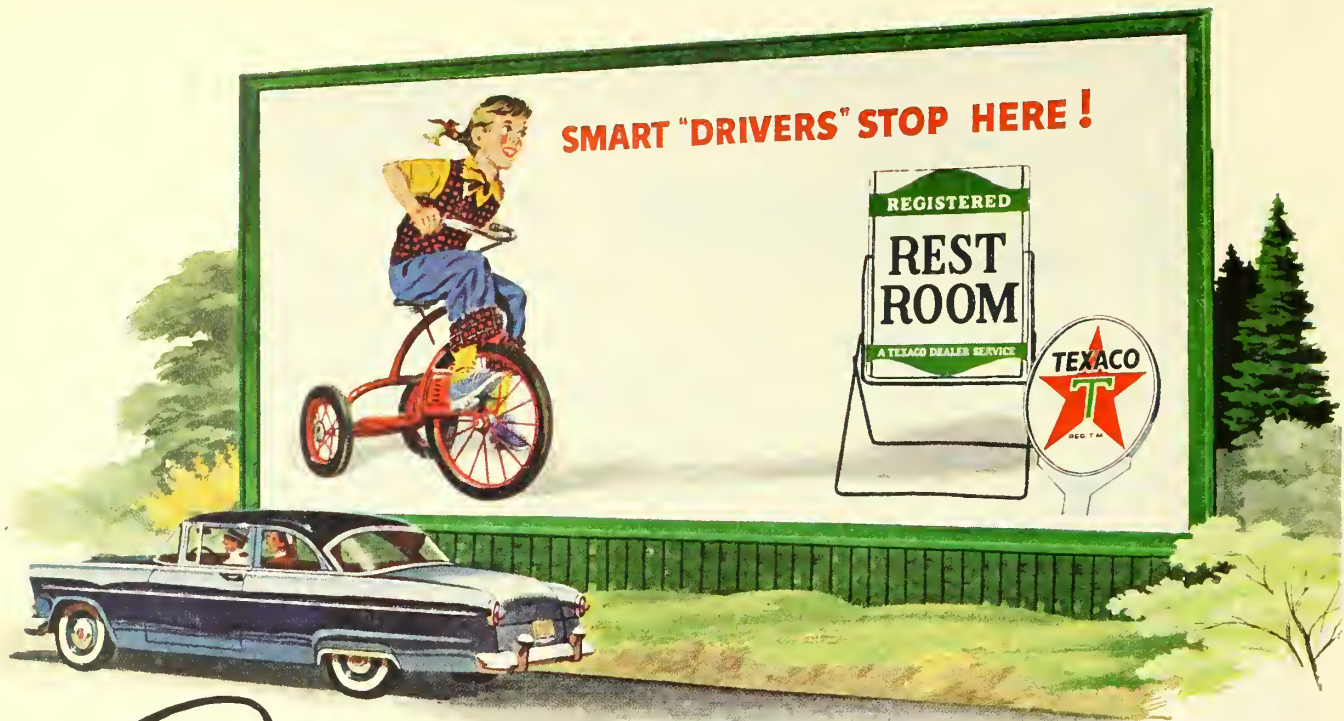


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TUNE IN...TEXACO STAR THEATER starring DONALD O'CONNOR or JIMMY DURANTE on television, Saturday nights, NBC.

Satellite Wild

Out in space a runaway rocket missile threatened death to millions—unless Cal reached it first.

By LEE CORREY

Free men love their freedom, and they want to live to enjoy it. Their fondest wish is that other men could be free as well. But because free men are also human, they make mistakes. And freedom does not mean they may shirk the responsibilities for such mistakes.

The coded cipher arrived while Don Karltter and test pilot Cal Justin were in a scheduling conference with Captain Hofsteader.

"Excuse me, gentlemen." The Captain arose and went into his office, closing the door tightly behind him.

Cal leaned back. "Whew! I guess we can take five, Don. How about a stroll?"

But the project engineer of the Navy's new trans-oceanic transport rockets was fidgeting in his chair. He replied nervously, "I'd better wait.

Those coded teletypes are usually hot stuff. Washington codes only when absolutely necessary — "

"It'll be thirty minutes or more — "

"Go ahead if you wish, but I'm staying. With the project where it is right now, it might concern us — "

So Cal sat back down. In a few minutes he began to fidget too. There was an ominous silence in the room, and the test pilot had the premoni-

(continued on next page)





Now it was necessary to match his speed with that of the missile, and slip in behind it.

(continued)

Satellite Wild

tion that something was about to happen — something very important indeed. Getting up at last, he went to the window and looked out over the Navy's technical area at White Sands Proving Ground. It was a clear, hot summer day in 1965. Resting on its landing gear near the hangar was the streamlined form of the KX-238, the Navy's first manned rocket. In common with a lot of other aircraft and rockets, it *looked* fast and it was. It could carry a pilot and five tons of cargo, cameras, people, or bombs across 5,000 miles of ocean in one hour flat. On its initial leg it went up over a hundred miles into the sky, then came screaming down across the miles as a supersonic glider.

It's a beautiful ship, Cal thought, *now that we've gotten the bugs out of it.* Most of the bugs were nasty pilot-killers. Cal himself had crashed once, and by some miracle had come through alive. But it was his job; he expected it.

So did his wife.

Now the KX-238 was ready for production, but the ship standing out in the New Mexico sunlight was the first — and only — one of her kind.

Captain Hofstader burst back into the conference room. "Don! Trouble!" Those words and the way they were said caused Cal to swing around abruptly. "They launched *Hercules* missile S N 24 hours ago. That was the one aimed at Eniwetok on the operational test of the special warhead..."

To the two men listening, a special warhead meant only

one thing: it was hot . . . *plenty!* And trouble was coming. "*Hercules* S N 24 didn't come back."

Cal swallowed. The *Hercules* was one of the intercontinental ballistic missiles. It reached up into space like a giant shell and plummeted back 5,000 miles away on target. To get that kind of range, the missile had to attain a pretty high velocity — high enough so it wouldn't take much of a push in the wrong direction to keep the missile up there like a tiny moon.

"It's between 150 and 200 miles up," Hofstader went on shakily. "*Armed* and carrying a proximity fuse. It's up there until it decides to come down somewhere."

There isn't much air at 200 miles altitude; in fact, it's a better vacuum than the best laboratory pumps can get. But there *is* enough air to cause just the tiniest bit of drag and that was enough eventually to slow down an orbital missile and cause it to come screaming back to earth again.

With an armed special warhead.

Where? Would it land harmlessly in the middle of an ocean? Or would it hit New York City or Moscow or London? Or would it slam down out of the sky on Cal's own family?

Cal broke out in a cold sweat.

"How big is the warhead?" Don asked quietly.

"AEC says a hundred megatons."

"Ugh!"

"Can they intercept it with another *Hercules* missile?" the test pilot queried anxiously.

The Captain shook his head. "*Hercules* S N 25 is still two months from completion. By that time S N 24 will have been on the deck for weeks. So there's only one answer. . . . They want us to intercept and disarm!"

The engineer was on his feet pacing nervously. "How? With what? The 238 might reach 200 miles, but it won't stay there; it's not an orbital job! Maybe we can rig some extra fuel tanks on her, but once you get a man up there, *how in the blue-eyed blazes can he get near that proximity fuse?*"

Hofstader started to speak, but Karlter went on, "There's only one way to disarm the S/N 24 permanently, by blowing it up! But that 238 sitting outside is the only one we have and we need it! I can't expend her and a pilot to boot!"

"Sit down, Karlter," Hofstader snapped. He didn't raise his voice; he didn't have to. To a man who has commanded other men for years, there is no need to shout. "I'm not asking you if you *will* do the job; I want to know if you *can*. If not, the Navy will step in.

"I don't mean to get tough, but this situation is serious. The S/N 24 is up there now, and nobody knows when or where it may come down. Even the best computers can't tell us.

"But wherever it does come down, there's going to be hell to pay. And if it happens to come down in the *wrong* place entirely, it will touch off the damndest war this planet's ever seen!"

Don Karlter looked at him through narrowed eyes for a moment, then made some rapid figures on the scratch pad, "Cal, will you fly it?"

Cal's palms were wet. He didn't want the job at all. In fact, he was scared to death. But a 100-megaton bomb was just too big to be sailing around loose upstairs. He thought of Diane and the boy. If the S/N 24 hit them, they would be lucky. But if it missed—even by hundreds of miles—the fall-out would bring a lingering death.

"I won't make a one-way trip, Don."

"I wasn't asking you to," the engineer replied. "We can get you up there and back, and the 238 can carry a salvo of air-to-air rockets."

The pilot still didn't like it. But he glanced up at the ceiling and replied, "All right, I'll go."

"Captain," Karlter went on tonelessly, "do they know exactly where that *least* is yet?"

"Lowell Observatory is waiting for nightfall. They still have the old equipment from Tombaugh's satellite search. They'll discover its orbit."

"They'd better!"

WHEN CAL drove home that evening, he sat for a long time in his car opposite his house. Occasionally, he looked up to where the stars were just beginning to show. He had to tell his wife—*bad to!* Yet Operation Intercept was top secret.

He decided he wouldn't tell her. Being the wife of a test pilot, she was braced to expect it someday, anyway. No need to have her sweating this thing too, he thought.

Damn it! Quit thinking that way! Or you're dead before you start! he told himself savagely.

"Hey, Daddy's home! Daddy's home!" a high voice yelled and a small boy raced out of the house toward the parked car. "Whatcha doing, Dad? Looking at the stars?"

"Looking for one particular star, son."

The astronomers at Flagstaff found the errant missile that night, and a complete analysis of the orbit was on hand when Cal showed up at White Sands the next morning. He felt terrible; he hadn't slept two hours. But he studied the figures, then went into the hangar where Don, the other engineers, and the ground crews were modifying the 238 rocket.

He saw something, so he went looking for Karlter immediately.

"Don, what are those booster rockets doing in

here?" he wanted to know as he indicated a stack of four big cylinders with rocket nozzles on their ends.

"Extra push at take-off," Karlter explained. The engineer's eyes were red with lack of sleep. "Think another couple of hundred tons of thrust at take-off will help?"

"They should if I don't black out."

"You won't. Only six-g."

"I can take that. But how about booster separation? Are we going to run some tests to see if they'll break clean?"

"Tests? That takes time . . . and we haven't got it," Don told him sourly as he inspected the mechanics working in the cargo hold. "I worked half the night trying to figure out the orbital maneuver," Karlter changed the subject. "With the extra thrust of the boosters and by hanging extra tanks in the cargo bay, we can just barely get you into the same orbit with the S/N 24—but not back."

"Then forget about it. I want to live."

"Don't go off half-cocked! I thought we could use a rocket battery to knock out the S/N 24, but I've got a better idea than that." He led the test pilot down to where the big rocket nozzles emerged from the tail of the ship. Mechanics were installing a big, rifled, steel cylinder.

"You'll be packing a 120-millimeter gun back here. Dwight is rigging up a gunsight in the cockpit, and the computer boys are working out a set of range tables for you. When you get up there, your tanks will be dry. But you can swing the ship with the gyros until the tail is pointing at the *bullet*. It's a tricky maneuver. You'll have to be about 30 to 50 miles *behind* the missile in orbit. When you let loose with the 120, the recoil will slow you down enough to bring you back into the atmosphere in about five hours or so."

"Provided I get pointed the right way."

"Provided you do."

"Suppose I miss?"

"You'd better not. . . ."

The pilot looked it over. "I don't like it, Don. It's too tricky. If something goes wrong. . . ."

"I don't like it either, Cal. But it's the best we can do. . . ."

Nobody had made a mistake with the S/N 24. Machines sometimes have minds of their own, particularly the intricate devices which make up a guided missile.

But the situation which had let the possibility—the *real* possibility—of nuclear hell breaking loose somewhere on innocent people was the root of it all.

Maybe this will show us, Cal thought, how silly this whole game of war really is. It used to be a gentleman's contest to the death. But it's mass destruction now, and that's no gentleman's game.

00967 98334 FLAGSTAFF ARIZ PD WHITE SANDS ATTN KARLTER OPTIMUM TIME ONE EIGHT THREE SEVEN MST TONIGHT GOOD LUCK AND GOD BE WITH YOU SIG CAPEN.

"Here it is, Cal," Don said, handing the telegram to the pilot. "Better go suit up."

Cal breathed heavily. Four hours away! "I...I'd hoped I could see the wife and kid before. . . ."

The engineer laid a hand on his shoulder. "So did I, Cal," he said with the first hint of human sympathy Cal had ever seen from him.

Flashing into the pilot's mind came the picture that had been wirephotoed from Flagstaff—the speck of light among the star streaks on a telescope photograph. The wild satellite. There it was, a cold, hard point of light, the deadliest star in the sky.

He had to kill it.

The setting sun threw the shadow of the KX-238 and her loading tower far out across the desert. The ground crew closed the canopy, the loading towers were moved back, and Cal was alone with his (*Continued on page 56*)

MIRACLE *at the* IRON CURTAIN



The old orphanage had no heat, electricity or water.

By WALKER A. TOMPKINS

LAST AUGUST President Eisenhower received a remarkable document from the American Zone of West Germany: a petition from some 100,000 citizens of Hesse province along the Iron Curtain. These descendants of the Hessian mercenaries who had fought General Washington in the American Revolution requested the "extradition" of an American soldier who, during a brief tour of Occupation Army duty, had accomplished a miracle which could hold the secret of lasting peace throughout the world.

The text of the petition had been penned by Dr. Otto Jansen, *burgermeister* of the ancient cathedral city of Bad Hersfeld. Shorn of its Teutonic embellishments, it began:

"Nowhere in postwar Europe has American democracy taken root as in Hesse. This was brought about by a small group of American soldiers who were stationed briefly among us. They became the saviors of a lost generation of German youth. The unit, known as the 24th Constabulary Squadron, no longer exists. But the changes it wrought in the destinies of our people are beyond calculation; they will be felt for generations. Mr. President, we take this means of requesting a favor."

Back in 1951, the GIs of the 24th Constabulary Squadron, U. S. Army of Occupation, would have been embarrassed at such an extravagant accolade as "the saviors of a lost generation." They were a typical cross section of the U. S. Army: the majority were draftees, a few key noncoms were combat vets of World War II. Their average age was 23. They came from 46 States and from all walks of life. Their commanding officer was Lieutenant Colonel Perry E. Conant of Michigan.

How some GIs improved
international relations by being
good Joes to German kids.



Three years later the orphans were living here.

True, the 24th had inherited an *esprit de corps* dating back almost a century. Progenitors of the Squadron had served in the Civil War, at the Little Big Horn, in the Philippine Insurrection, in the Invasion of Normandy. Now the outfit's men patrolled 250 miles of the Soviet East German border. Headquarters was at McPheeter's Barracks in Bad Hersfeld, an industrial town located between Kassel and Frankfurt.

What the Germans now call the "GI Miracle" began in mid-January of 1951, at an enlisted men's smoker—a monthly bull session where a GI could air his gripes before his officers in a college fraternity atmosphere of beer and cigars.

On this particular evening, Colonel Conant had just returned from a routine staff meeting in Frankfurt. He brought back a message from General Manton S. Eddy, commander of the 7th Army. It was a message Conant had heard with misgivings. It involved a new policy which military discipline could not force a soldier to accept against his



German doctors thought plane rides would cure whooping cough. Lt. Warner commanded the 24th's "health wing."

will, since it demanded the spiritual obedience of every enlisted man.

"Up to now," Conant addressed the smoke-clouded assemblage, "the American Army has not concerned itself with cultivating the good will of German civilians. All of us know where we stand—foreign police, to be endured as one of the penalties of losing a war."

The GIs exchanged wry glances. Every man in the day-room knew what it meant to be vilified by rowdy teen-agers on the streets. They had seen **YANKS GO HOME!** chalked on the *rathaus* (city hall) walls. Not one had been invited to share the hospitality of a German home.

The 24th had shrugged off this hostility without rancor. They were more concerned with serving out their hitches, pocketing their discharges, and getting back home to pick up their civilian lives.

"From now on," Conant continued earnestly, "our Army is adopting a new policy. General Eddy wants us to go all out to win the Germans over to American ideals, to offset the communist propaganda which is driving a wedge between our peoples. It won't be easy, men. It is something that can be achieved only by a slow process of evolution, not revolution."

So far, Colonel Conant read no reactions on the inscrutable faces of his men. He had to find out what they were thinking.

"All right," he said bluntly. "How does this strike you? Is German friendship important to us? Sound off."

Dead silence greeted the CO. Finally, from the rear of the room, a Pfc with three hashmarks on his sleeve took the floor.

"I say to hell with the krauts, sir!" the Pfc declared. "My father was gassed by the Germans in '18. My kid brother died in the Battle of the Bulge. I helped clean out the corpse ovens at Buchenwald . . . Germans have been warmongers since the days of the Huns. So far as I am concerned, America don't need the friendship of any kraut—now or ever."

Conant's lips compressed. The Pfc was not alone in his bitterness. But in that very attitude, Conant sensed, lay planted

the dormant seeds of World War III. The Pfc had missed the whole point of General Eddy's new "get friendly" policy.

And then Danny T. Pagliarulo of Kentucky stood up. "Pag" was the First Sergeant of Headquarters Troop.

"The soldier's opinion may be justified," he conceded. "But I'd like to ask him one question. What about the German children? Do we want them to grow up hating us Yanks—to maybe bear arms against our own kids at some future day?"

A spontaneous din of applause greeted Pagliarulo's words. Conant relaxed. He had his answer. The rank and file understood.

"I can suggest a good place to start General Eddy's cam-



The hated Yankees took a terrific beating, but in view of methods used the victory was a hollow one.

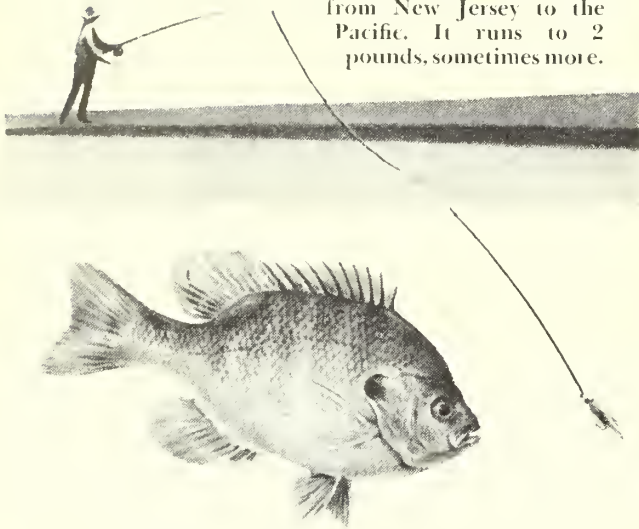


When Col. Miles returned to Germany in 1954 he was mobbed by screaming throngs of healthy German kids.

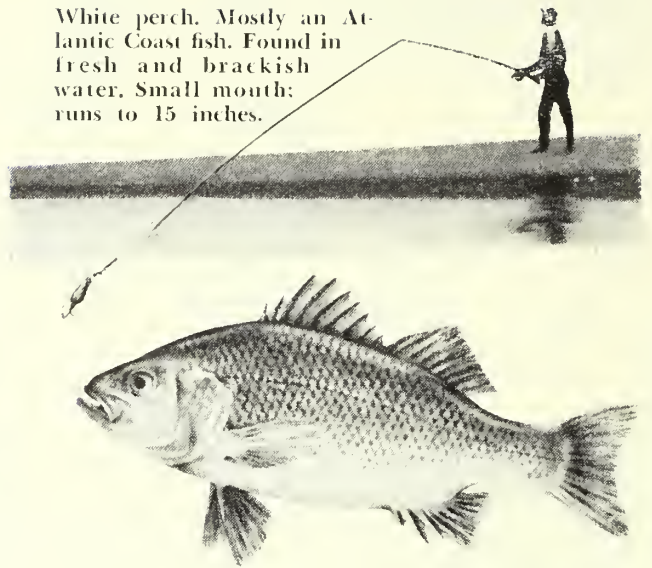
paign," Pagliarulo went on, "Most of you guys know that my wife and I have been visiting that ramshackle farmhouse outside of town they call the Glimmesmühle Orphanage. How many of you have ever been inside that pesthole? Children crowded together like animals, ten or 12 to a bedroom. No heat, electricity or running water. If the 24th could sort of adopt that orphanage, Colonel, we'd make some friends."

A pin-drop silence descended as Pagliarulo sat down. The Glimmesmühle Orphanage was a hellhole, all right. The older children had been evacuated from Kassel during the World War II bombing raids. (Continued on page 50)

Crappie. Found from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and from New Jersey to the Pacific. It runs to 2 pounds, sometimes more.



White perch. Mostly an Atlantic Coast fish. Found in fresh and brackish water. Small mouth; runs to 15 inches.



Bluegill. Abundant in lakes, ponds and streams. Scrappy on light tackle. Moves around in groups. Averages 1 pound.

Fish you'll enjoy catching and eating

You can cook them whole in a pan.

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

LAST YEAR some 18,580,813 fresh-water fishermen got themselves toggled up in stream gear, jammed into hip boots or waders, and went forth. The number who returned with the elegant trio, trout, bass and salmon were in the minority. But those who came home after a day of fun with fish for the pan and the desire to fish again believed that catching the white and yellow perch, the sunfish, the black and the white crappie, the bluegill, the white bass, and the catfish was as much fun as hooking

a highly-regarded trout or black bass.

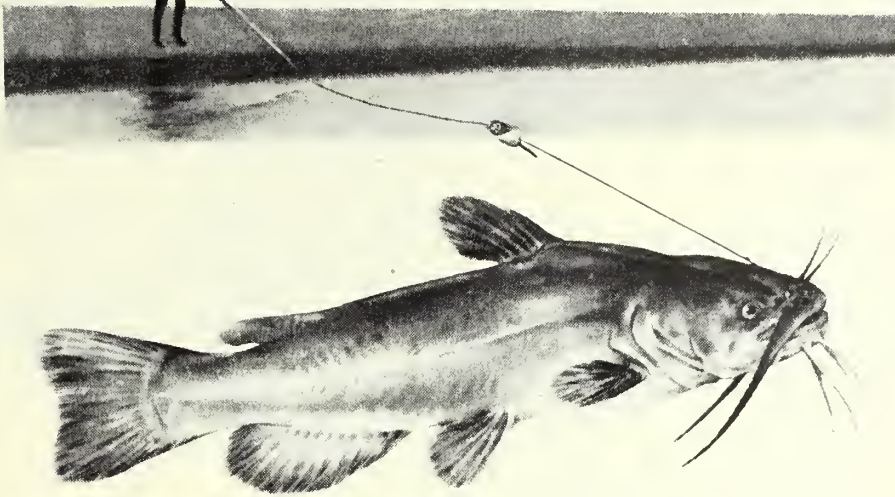
These were the fishermen comprising more than 9,000,000 in the four central geographic regions of the United States; these were fishermen who out of respect began calling the fish they caught by their correct names and not by the ignoble "pan fish."

Various State game and fish authorities are charting the pan fish higher on their popularity graphs every year. J. L. Stearns, Chief of Education and Information for Georgia, says, "It is my

estimate that eight or nine out of every ten fishermen are seeking the pan fish, which in our State is called the bream or crappie."

Thomas L. Kimball, Director of the Game and Fish Commission of Colorado, says his State, long one that concentrated mainly on the stocking of rainbow and Loch Leven trout, is presently engaged in an extensive warm-water fisheries management program that will materially improve the quality of recreational fishing for pan fish. The residents of his State have demanded it, he says.

Bullhead. Catfish family. Found in weedy lakes and sluggish streams; sometimes in brackish water. About 12 inches. Good eating.



Lyle M. Thorpe, Supervisor of Fisheries Management in Connecticut, is proud of the fact that his State's ponds and lakes are crammed with yellow and white perch, calico bass and crappies. Research has established that over 75 per cent of the fishermen in Connecticut are interested in pan fish.

Ernest E. Mulch, Assistant Chief of the Division of Information and Education of Arizona's Fish Commission, and Frank L. Haynes, Information Specialist for Alabama, both feel that about 75 per cent of their fishermen are interested in pan fish. They prefer the crappies, the bluegill and the red ear sunfish to such fish as trout and bass.

Tennessee with its vast TVA fishing impoundments has a great variety of fish, with bass in the majority. But Louis Clapper, Public Relations Officer for that State, feels that the crappie is fast outdrawing bass and other game fish. It is a known fact that both white and black crappie grow big in the great lakes of the South. The majority of them tip the scale at well over a pound and are currently being caught on fly rods, by trolling, spinning and casting. They are scrappy and, in some cases, out-fight the Tennessee bass.

"In my judgment," says Dan Saults, Chief of the Information Section of the Missouri Conservation Commission, "almost all Missouri fishermen will try for pan fish deliberately, while at least 60 per cent fish for them most of the time." When asked why, he said because these fish are fun to catch, there are more of them and they give the fishermen confidence in themselves.

What these men, all experts in their

field, are effectively doing is deflating the out-of-proportion game fish balloon that has been blown up over the past few years.

A cross-section study of the Fisheries Commissions in our States, which we've been undertaking for the past several months, not only brought statements from the various officials establishing that the pan fish is maligned, but proved conclusively that if it weren't for this species, our fishing population wouldn't be as it is — over 18,000,000 — but would be down to about one-tenth of that.

Without any exception, fishing in America today is the leading participant sport. We'd gamble the much-put-upon pan fish is responsible.

Last week we were talking to one of the large fishing tackle manufacturers. "Every night when I close shop," he said, "I breathe a little prayer of thanks that there are such fish as these pan fish. Without them I'd be selling fly rods and lures to a few, but the great volume of my business would be gone."

What the tackle manufacturer didn't mention is that the pan fisherman is three up on the game fisherman.

(1) He can fish more often and in many more places.

(2) His gear doesn't have to be as varied and as expensive.

(3) The legal limit on his fish is much higher.

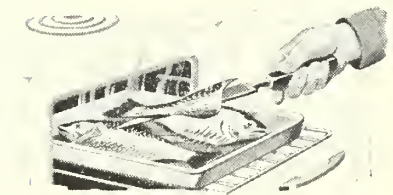
If you want, you can angle for the crappie or the bluegill with a can of worms and a bamboo pole. And with a little patience you'll come home with fish. Or, if you prefer, you can use a

fly rod with wet or dry flies. Spinning gear with a 1/6-ounce lure, three-pound-test line, and sixty-yard castability will take the perch and the bluegill. A short trolling rod with trailing line and flashing spinner will take both the black and the white crappie and quite often a nice fat perch or bluegill. You can fish from a dock using live bait such as crayfish and minnows; you can use a boat, the shore, wade a stream, or take a leisurely riverfloat trip. Pan fish seem to be everywhere.

And it seems that no matter how many pan fish are lifted from our waters yearly, they keep on thriving. Tough, hardy fish, they are, contrary to popular belief, not a panmixia of many species but of their own distinct type. Thus they breed and flourish every year in such numbers



Pan fish poached in white wine are delicious. Let the fish stand in the wine for a couple of hours before cooking.



One of our readers says cook your fish with the scales on. Remove skin and scales with a knife after baking.

that fishermen yet unborn will be assured of fun with a rod, will know the good taste of their own fresh-caught fish.

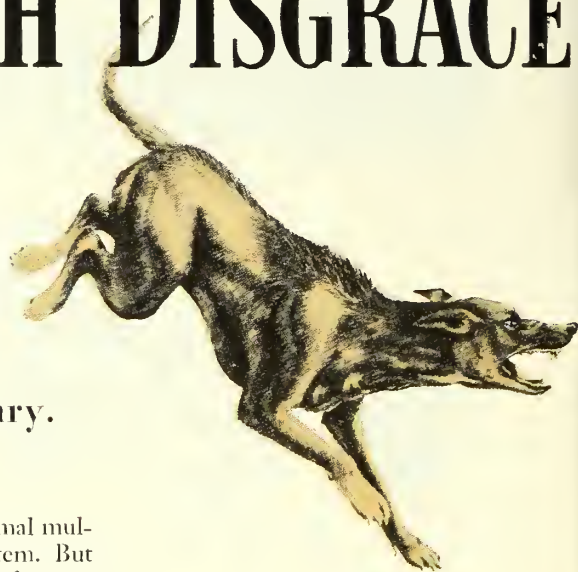
One day last August I was on the shores of Lake Keuka, in upper New York State, watching a fisherman named Harry Altman, standing in a rowboat, working the water with a light fly rod. Harry is a well-known, successful fresh-water fisherman.

The water was mostly smooth. It was quiet. Harry was flicking his line, working runs in the lake. One long run started, then exploded. The rowboat began rocking as he fought the fish.

(Continued on page 58)

PUBLIC HEALTH DISGRACE

Few people meet death from rabies,
but it is horrible and the cure is almost
as bad. Even worse, all this is unnecessary.



LAST SEPTEMBER a mother brought her nine-year-old boy into a southern hospital. He was spitting, clawing and biting so violently that it took three doctors and two nurses to put him to sleep long enough to get a sample of his blood. She reminded them that he had been bitten by a stray dog in July. The record showed that he had been given a shot of penicillin and had been sent home.

This news set the five to examining their skins for tiny breaks. When the boy's blood test came in, a series of injections was started immediately for one of the doctors who had suffered a scratch scuffling with him. If that same treatment had been given to the youngster when he was bitten, he would be alive today. Now there was nothing doctors could do to save him from the most horrible end a human life can have: death by rabies.

Death by the "canine madness" has been the ultimate of horror since Babylonian times. Although patients dying of rabies seldom bite or attack others, as the nine-year-old boy did, many of them fear they will. "Hold me, hold me!" a little girl in Chicago begged her nurse.

All modern medicine could do for another youngster, four-year-old Temple Lewis III, of Louisville, Kentucky, was ease his death by giving him cortisone and keeping his body temperature at 80°. Today, rabies victims are kept in a darkened room under sedatives.

Rabies is 100 per cent fatal once the

virus from the saliva of the rabid animal multiplies in the patient's nervous system. But 70 years ago, Louis Pasteur thought of a way of halting this inexorable multiplication. Noticing that it takes a long time, and that rabies is one of the diseases for which the exact moment of exposure—the bite—is known, he suggested that it might be possible to vaccinate the patient after exposure instead of before.

Doctors now give the painful, \$100 series of 14 to 21 Pasteur shots to 50,000 of the 500,000 Americans who report dog bites every year. An average of less than one human being dies of rabies every two weeks, half of them failures of the Pasteur treatment. An anti-serum released for sale this year by Lederle Laboratories, providing antibodies from rabies-vaccinated horses, may save some of those who are so badly bitten that they are in danger of losing Pasteur's race with the virus.

Doesn't this mean that we have rabies licked? Aren't tragic deaths so few and far between that it is hard to call them a national problem?

I put the question to Dr. James H. Steele, U. S. Public Health Service Veterinarian responsible for advising State and local public health authorities and practicing physicians on the 80 diseases transmissible from animals to man.

"The human death toll is very small, speaking statistically," he answered with a slight emphasis on the last word. "But the toll in sheer anguish is incalculable."

Rumor of a single mad dog spreads panic in a community. People who have not really been bitten think they have been exposed and are driven almost out

of their minds. Sometimes they simulate the symptoms of rabies—rabiphobia, the experts call it.

Every dog bite forces the attending physician to make one of the toughest decisions in medicine: to give or not to give the Pasteur treatment. This is because the Pasteur treatment is not without dangers of its own. The decision to give the Pasteur treatment is a calculated risk, the hazard of the treatment of course being less than that of a deadly virus from a rabid animal invading the nervous system.

Most of the 50,000 Pasteur treatments a year are given because the dog is an unknown stray. In order to avoid the treatment parents, neighbors, and police sometimes hunt desperately for the responsible animal, hoping to prove him rabies-free.

Dr. Steele also gets frequent calls from veterinarians. Since our 17,000

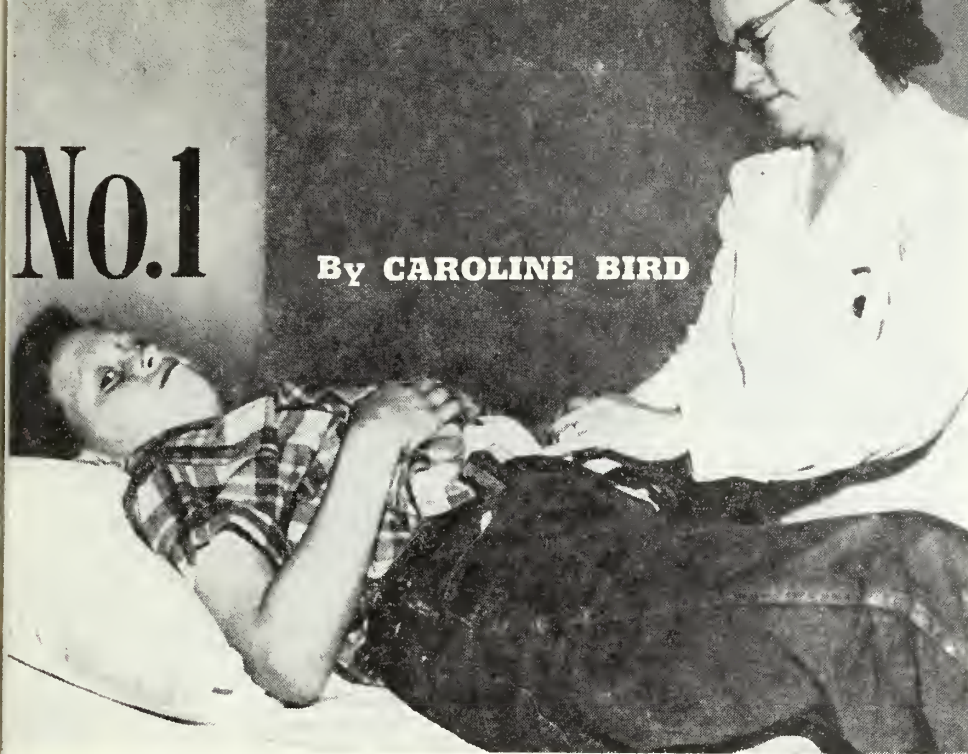


This rabid dog
bit 14 persons in
Chicago last year.



No.1

By CAROLINE BIRD



Exposed to a rabid puppy, Charles Cureton gets the first of 14 shots.



▲ In an anti-rabies campaign, East St. Louis ordered all stray dogs and cats killed.

Memphis took preventive measures ► by means of mass vaccinations. Clinics were set up for dogs.

At the Lederle Laboratories, fertile eggs are inoculated with rabies virus, a step in making vaccine.



veterinarians have to take care of over 5,000 dogs known to die of rabies every year, many of them have had to take the Pasteur treatment not once or twice, but a half dozen times. The chance of paralysis from the vaccine is negligible the first time, but it increases with every series until the point is reached where the veterinarian has to choose between a 50 per cent chance of paralysis from

"Statistics or no statistics, rabies is our number one public health disgrace," Dr. Steele wound up. "Every rabies death and the millions the disease costs the nation are unnecessary. Other countries have wiped out rabies. England did it a generation ago by stringent sanitary police measures and a quarantine on all dogs coming into that tight little island. Even General Eisenhower's puppy had to sit in quarantine six months.

"We can't do it that way here because we are not an island and our people would never accept the measures used in England," he continued. "But Israel, an island surrounded by rabid Arab dogs, has wiped out rabies, and so has Malaya, with its vulnerable northern border and its varied animal population."

Israel and Malaya have simply used the new scientific knowledge which now makes it practical to prevent the disease the way all civilized nations prevent smallpox by vaccination. Technically it might be possible to vaccinate every person against rabies, but that would not help the thousands of dogs who die of the disease and perpetuate its threat. The only way to wipe out rabies in the United States is to get 70 per cent of our dog population vaccinated and keep that percentage vaccinated by enforcing dog control laws.

Since the war, dog vaccination has been used to stem the tide of rabies wherever it threatens a city population, and sporadic community campaigns

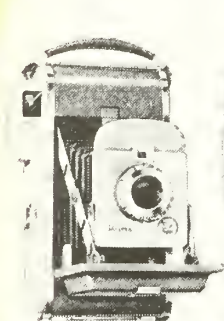


the treatment and a smaller chance of certain death from rabies. Anti-rabies serum might help these often-exposed veterinarians by reducing the number of Pasteur shots they must take, but no one is suggesting that the serum can entirely replace the usual Pasteur treatment.

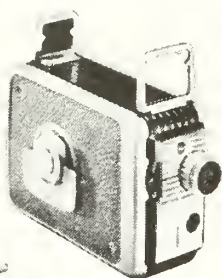
have cut rabies deaths from 55 a year in 1944 to 14 in the first 11 months of 1954. But only 4 million of our 22 million dogs are protected, and the vaccine commonly used lasts only a year. We can't wipe out the fear of rabies until at least 16 million of our best friends are immune.

(Continued on page 47)

MILES OF FILM will be consumed in photogenic Miami during the National Convention. In 1954, cameras and film ranked second among items Legionnaires bought for that event. Photos show a few models.



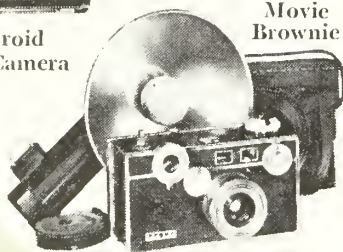
Polaroid Land Camera



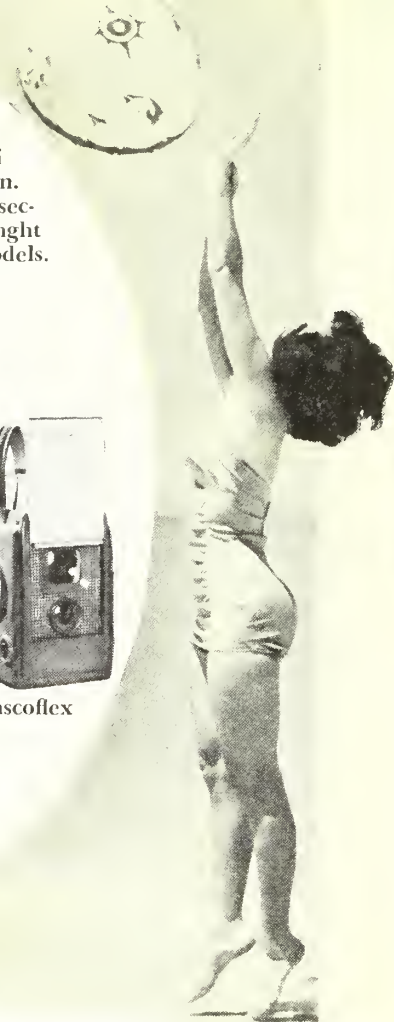
Eastman Movie Brownie



Anscoflex



Argus C3-35mm. Camera

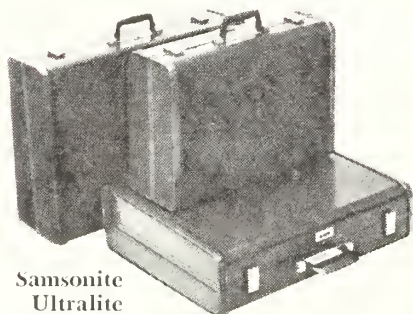


So you're going to **MIAMI**

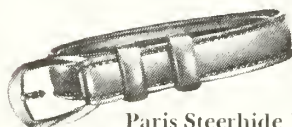


Some hints to help you get ready for that National Convention trip.

LAST YEAR, a survey of Legionnaires in Washington for the 36th American Legion National Convention showed that many combined a vacation or business trip with the Convention. The survey revealed that Legionnaires bought large supplies of clothes, cameras and film, luggage, cars, and sports equipment before heading for the Nation's Capital. Shown here are some of the items you are likely to need. THE END



Samsonite Ultralite Luggage



Paris Steerhide Belt



Remington 60 DeLuxe Electric Shaver

CLOTHING headed the list of goods bought by 1954 Convention-goers. Luggage ranked near the top. Style-conscious Legionnaires will be sporting clothing and accessories like these in Miami this fall.



Van Gab by Van Heusen



Scotblaze by McGregor



Manhattan Pagoda Sportshirt

THERE'S NO BETTER FISH-
ING anywhere than in the Miami
area. And there are golf courses
aplenty. Below are some items
which should prove very handy
to while away Convention time.



Louisville
Grand Slam
Woods and Irons



Bronson Jet
Spinning Reel
No. 500

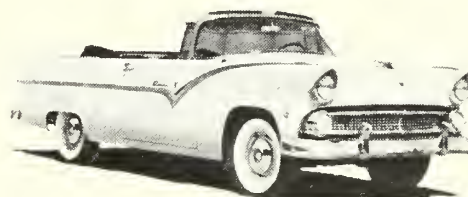


Shakespeare
Spinning Wond-O-Rod
No. 1430



Garcia Mitchell
Salt Water Reel

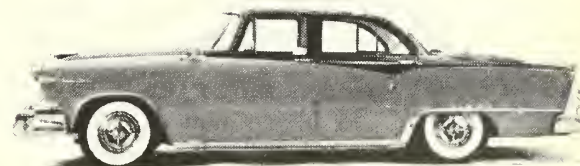
CARS WERE HIGH on the list of things
bought by Legionnaires before they left home
for the National Convention last year. And
more than half of those who went to the
Washington meetings traveled by automobile.
Here are some of the cars you'll see your
buddies driving around Miami in October.



Ford V-8 Fairlane



DeSoto V-8 Firelite



Dodge V-8 Royal Lancer

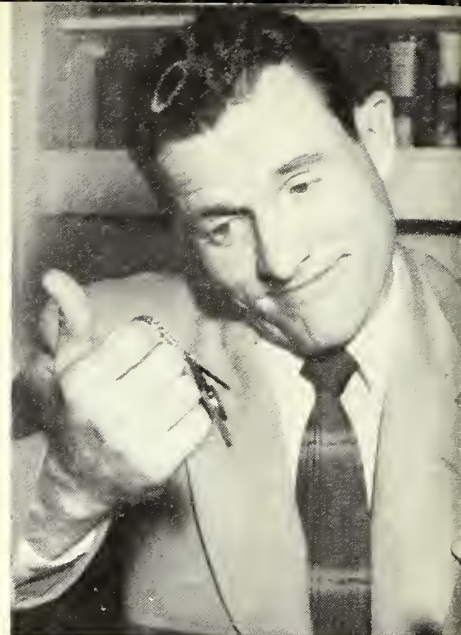


Plymouth Belvedere being fed Texaco Sky Chief.





Olympic figure-skating champ, Barbara Ann Scott, had to give back the gift of an automobile in order to retain amateur status.



A few years later, the rule was interpreted to permit Olympic pole-vaulting champ, Rev. Bob Richards, to keep a car.

What is an Amateur?

The difference between amateur and pro depends on what sport you play.

By **ROBERT UHL**

MAYBE YOU THINK you know the difference between an amateur sportsman and a professional. But don't bet on it. Because the interpretations of the amateur rule as issued by the associations which rule our various sports may be charitably described as ill-conceived, illogical, usually harmful and prejudicial, and utterly lacking in consistency. Otherwise they are perfect.

A neat little question of amateurism arose last January with the Rev. Robert Richards, our most outstanding pole vaulter, caught in the middle. Richards appeared on a television program, "This is Your Life," without knowing beforehand that he was to be its central figure. At the conclusion of the program Ralph Edwards, the emcee, told him, "Bob, we recognize that in your ministerial duties, you have to make many sick calls and the transportation problem is a big one, so we're giving you this 1955 Mercury for your church work."

Dan Ferris of the National Amateur Athletic Union said: "If Richards received the award because of his prominence as an athlete and not because of his preaching, he'll have to return the car."

The confused pole vaulter issued a statement that, "if it does conflict with AAU rules, I will not accept the car, because I want to compete in the 1956 Olympic Games. I don't want an automobile to make me a professional." The agency which put on the program said: "He was getting the car as a minister and for use in his job—not getting it for being an athlete." Eventually a solution was discovered. Richards accepted

the car and other loot *for the parish*, and as the property of the parish and not of himself as an individual. This was a pretty neat way out of an uncomfortable situation, but do you think that Richards would ever have been on that program had he not also been a famous sports figure?

Barbara Ann Scott, international figure skating champion, was not so lucky when her fellow townsfolk in Canada



In 1920, John B. Kelly, Sr., was banned from the Diamond Sculls at Henley, England, because he had once "worked with his hands." Under U.S. rules he was an amateur. His son, John Jr., won this race at Henley a generation later.

presented her with an automobile. She was compelled to return it. Similarly, when Dr. Roger Bannister, the four-minute miler, was flown to the U. S. last year to be the "mystery guest" on the TV program, "What's My Line," British sports authorities rose in alarm. His TV appearance would defile his amateur status, they declared. Bannister flew back without appearing.

These incidents may seem to indicate that all is well, and that we are living up to the classic definition of an amateur as described by the Amateur Athletic Union: "One who engages in sports solely for the pleasure and physical, mental or social benefits he derives therefrom." Whatever you and I might think, to the official mind monetary rewards do not constitute "pleasure," nor "physical, mental or social benefits." Neither does acceptance of gifts or prizes of practical and tangible value.



The salesman with the gun is ranked as a pro by the Amateur Trapshooting Association. The man selling tennis rackets, however, is considered an amateur by the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

Payment of reasonable travel and living expenses is permissible under the terms of this ruling. And here begins one of the perversions of the absolute "amateur" rule. Hundreds of star athletes are able to travel over the globe for months at a time, living very handsomely, thank you, with no visible means of support except that travel and subsistence allowance.

There are other perversions, too. How about a sport in which the "amateurs" compete for money, while the



Golf caddies automatically become pros after reaching a certain age. Swimmers who work as lifeguards during the summer are luckier, they're still amateurs.

"professionals" have to be satisfied with medals, trophies and other non-spendable tokens of recognition? How about those sports where a man can change back and forth like a chameleon from amateur to professional to amateur again? How about the "professional amateur," who makes a career of sport, as opposed to the sparetime or holiday sportsman? In many sports, we have a traveling circus of stars who dominate all the outstanding tournaments or events, shutting out the average competitor and monopolizing the glory.

The AAU says that a man is a professional if he gets any tangible economic benefit from the pursuit of his sport, whether or not obtaining that benefit is his primary purpose or only a secondary or collateral one. With strict interpretation of this rule, virtually none of the world's top performers could qualify as amateurs. The athlete is not immune to the universal human hunger for fiscal satisfaction. Devoting his whole time to his sport, as is necessary to achieve and hold championship rank in today's competitive world, the amateur sportsman usually accepts various collateral benefits ranging from salaried jobs at which he need spend little time or effort to a wide assortment of propositions which commercialize on his name and fame.

There is an entirely wrong implication in the amateur rule of the AAU and various other governing bodies: that whenever a man accepts any open form of economic return on his sports prowess, it means that his primary pur-

pose in engaging in a sport is to make money. This is simply not true. To most top amateurs, athletics provide the only path of aspiration, happiness, fulfillment. Money is also important, because it is hard to live without it. Expense accounts are a partial answer, but they make no provision for eventual slowing up and retirement. If competitive amateur sport on the national and international level is not to be restricted to the wealthy, who don't have to worry about rent or grocery bills, we must either redefine the rules or continue to blink hypocritically at their violation.

Professional sport has some hilarious complications, but there is always that one supreme simplifying motive. Sid Flaherty, able manager of the "Fighter of the Year," Bobo Olson, phrased the professional creed as clearly as it can be done, "We're fighting for one thing—money." Bobo offers confirmation: "If the devil himself wants to fight, and they'll pay enough, Sid and me will fight him."

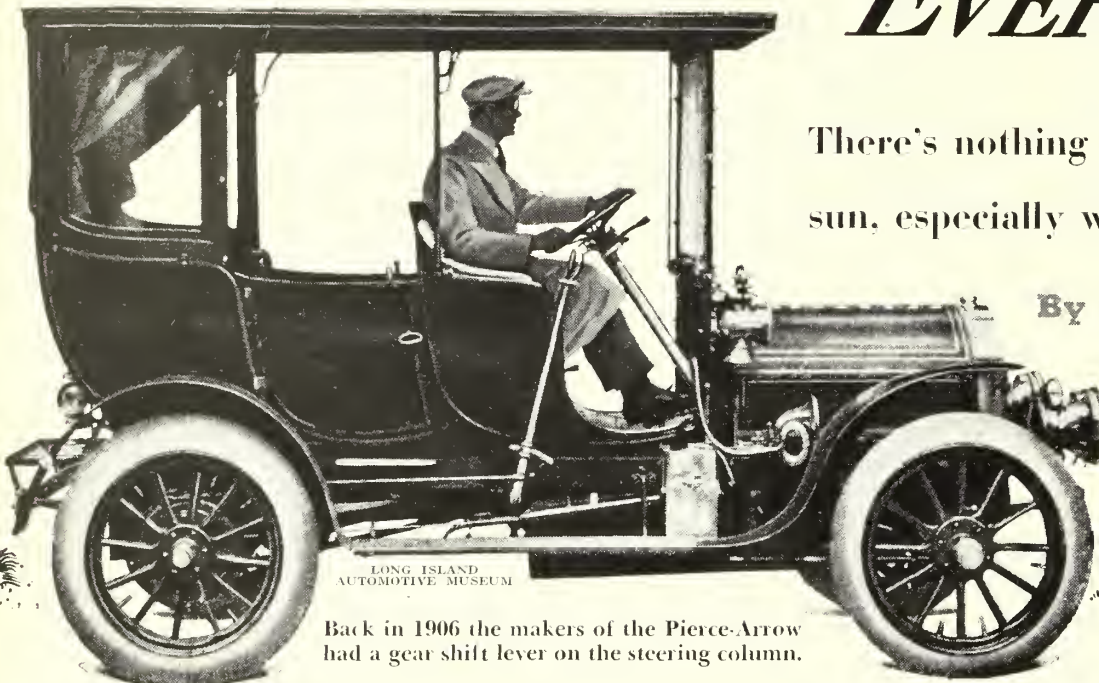
Just as Bobo Olson bared the heart of the professional's guiding force, Dr. Roger Bannister put in simple words the ideal spirit of the traditional amateur. In a speech to the English Sportswriters Association last December, the great English miler said: "Now that I am taking up a hospital appointment, I shall not have sufficient time to put up a first-class performance. There would be little satisfaction for me in a second-rate performance, and it would be wrong to give one when representing

(Continued on page 44)

THOSE OLD CARS *HAD* *EVERYTHING*

There's nothing much new under the sun, especially when it comes to cars.

By **GEORGE WALTZ, Jr.**



Back in 1906 the makers of the Pierce-Arrow had a gear shift lever on the steering column.



EACH YEAR, Detroit's auto wizards outdo themselves. In the hopes of snaring a lion's share of the business, they vie to bring us the newest, the peppiest, and the snazziest things on wheels.

Right now the sales lures include such things as mightier V-8 engines, power steering, power braking, no-clutch transmissions, dual-range power, wire wheels, hydraulic valve lifters, headlights with eyebrows, coil springs, tubeless tires, seats that double as beds, and, for the ultimate in comfort, year-round air conditioning. One wonders how motordom's "idea boys" manage to keep ahead of the annual parade of "new features."

But are all of these "new features" really brand new?

Put that question to an old-timer who knows his antique cars and the chances are good he'll straighten up his shoulders and grunt back, "Not by a long shot. Why as far back as 1906 they had a..."

And he'd be right. A good many of the "new features" we modern car buyers marvel at today were marveled at by auto owners a good many years ago—some of the "modern features" brought "oohs" and "ahs" from prospective car buyers as long as 60 years ago. Most of these "new features,"

however, died young either because materials or techniques weren't available to do the job right or because the car-buying public at the time just wasn't ready to shell out the cash for the additional conveniences and comforts.

Take today's automatic transmissions with their torque converters and fluid couplings. To most of us moderns, no-shift driving is the biggest thing that's happened to the automobile since the self-starter became standard equipment.

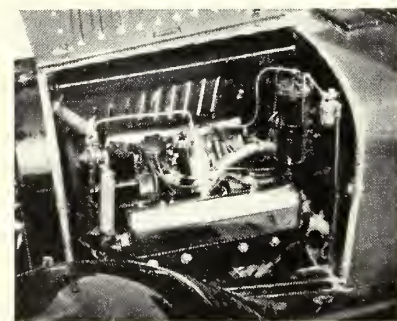
Yet, the old-timer will tell you that the torque converter, for one thing, predates the self-starter. As long ago as 1895, the Dey-Griswold Co., of New York City, developed a torque converter for use in an early make of electric car. An electric motor, powered by batteries, operated pumps that forced oil through fluid-gear turbines to drive the car's rear wheels. In 1902, a German, Dr. A. Foettinger, developed a torque converter to take the place of the reduction gears in the turbine drives for steamships. A few years later, Harold Sinclair, one of Dr. Foettinger's helpers, applied the same torque-converter principle to an automobile in England.

They didn't call it knee action, but this 1910 Brush had coil springs. ▶

This year's Chevrolet has a valve-in-head V-8 engine. So ▼ did the 1917 models.



LONG ISLAND AUTOMOTIVE MUSEUM



In America, the 1914 Premier sported a magnetic shift transmission made by Cutler-Hammer. This eliminated the gearshift lever, and all the driver had to do to shift gears was to push buttons mounted on the steering column. Electric solenoids built into the transmission did the actual job of shifting the gears.

Then in 1915, came a big advance in smooth, shiftless driving. A car called the Owen-Magnetic introduced a revolutionary magnetic transmission that

was gearless. A big electromagnet, which also acted as a flywheel, served as the connection between the car's six-cylinder gasoline engine and the rear end. The big magnet, revolving around an armature on the propeller shaft, served as both clutch and gear box. By increasing or decreasing the strength of the magnetic field by moving a lever on the steering wheel, the driver could go from direct drive (when magnet and armature were magnetically locked) to reduced speeds, at the same or higher motor speeds, when the reduced magnetic force allowed the propeller-shaft armature to "slip" and turn slower than the magnet. So smooth and wide was the Owen-Magnetic's range of speed and power, that it was known as "the car with a thousand speeds."

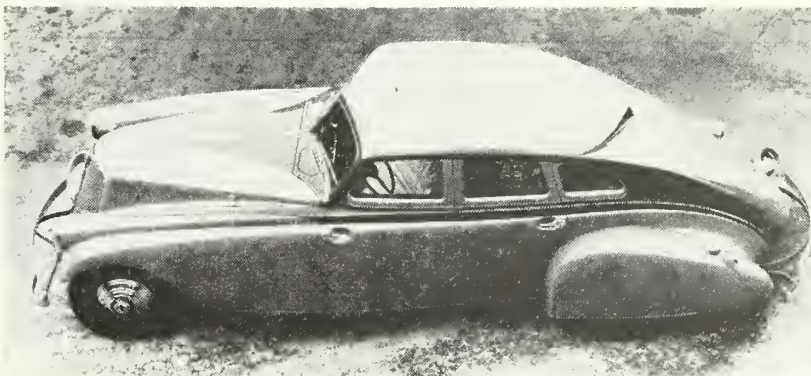
Even the automatic transmissions as we know them today basically aren't brand new. Both Oldsmobile and Buick offered automatic transmissions as long

fours and then finally settled on sixes.

The present-day race for more and more horses under the hood is part of a repeating cycle that goes back a half century. The 1931 Marmon had a 200-horsepower engine made largely of

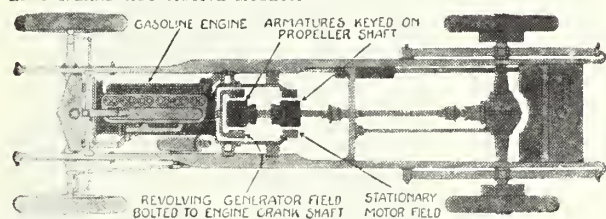
Overhead valves, featured by every V-8 car offered this year, appeared in production cars as long ago as 1906. The Ariel engine of that year not only had overhead valves but an overhead camshaft as well.

AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURERS ASSN.



These flowing lines were a feature of the 1933 Pierce-Arrow. Its 12 cylinders developed 175 horsepower. Its top speed was 115 mph.

LONG ISLAND AUTOMOTIVE MUSEUM



Automatic transmission? This 1915 Owen Magnetic had it, employing an ingenious electromagnetic system.

ago as 1937, and Chrysler brought out the fluid coupling for transmissions in 1938!

In 1937, we also cheered when the gearshift lever disappeared from its former place in the floorboards to its new place on the steering column. However, when the Pontiac design folks came out with their first steering column gearshift in that year, they were just reviving another old "new feature." The 1904 Pierce Arrow sported a steering column gearshift as did the German Benz Velociped in 1888!

Today in engines, the overhead-valve V-8 is all the rage. This year, 14 out of the 16 makes of cars on the market have V-8 power plants.

New? Hardly. The 1905 Rolls-Royce was powered by a V-8 engine that in basic design wasn't too unlike the Ford V-8 engine of a few years ago.

What's more — and this is something the old-timers are chortling about — Chevrolet, who this year switched to an overhead-valve V-8 after years of making sixes, in 1917 came out with the second V-8 to be produced in this country. The first American V-8 engine powered the 1915 Cadillac. Both the 1917 and 1918 Chevrolets featured overhead-valve V-8 engines, but they were ahead of their time and didn't sell. So, in 1919, the company switched to

aluminum to reduce its weight. And, as early as 1904, Louis D. Schoenburg of Cleveland, Ohio, set an all-time high in the horsepower race by offering a car powered by a 408-horsepower engine!

Probably one of the most advanced cars for its time was the 1933

Pierce Silver Arrow, of which ten models were built. It not only boasted a 175-horsepower engine but a "forward look," turret-topped body that wouldn't look out of place on the streets today, power brakes, concealed running boards, chrome disk wheels, wheel skirts, and fender headlights.



LONG ISLAND AUTOMOTIVE MUSEUM

This 1923 Dodge might be called the first hardtop, even if it had no wrap-around windshield. It had the first all-steel enclosed body.

This also goes for many of the "modern features" on present-day engines. For several years now, hydraulic valve lifters have been getting the nod as the newest and bestest. Yet the record shows that Pierce Arrow introduced hydraulic valve lifters 23 years ago — in 1932!

If you think that the "new" reclining car seats that can be folded back to form a double bed are fresh off the design boards, you are just about 37 years behind the times. The Pan, a neat little touring car produced by The Pan Motor Co., of St. Cloud, Minn., featured the seats-into-bed idea in ads that appeared in 1918! It was called "The Car With the Sleeping Car Body."

Power steering? Basically, that's an oldie too. The general idea for a power steering system was patented in 1876, was first tried out on an automobile in 1926, and became a production reality for trucks in 1946.

The Ford Thunderbird, introduced late last fall, has caused more than just a ripple of excitement among sports car fans. Among its many "new" features is a hard top that can be removed easily for summer open-car driving. Back in 1915, the touring car owner who had the cash and wanted cold-weather com-

fort bought himself a so-called "winter top." It was a top complete with windows, that could be bolted onto a touring car body. During the summer, when it wasn't in use, it was generally stowed away with the help of a pulley and rope system that lifted it up out of the
(Continued on page 50)

IN THESE DAYS of power tools, too many beginners and even some old hands at "do-it-yourself" forget that hand tools exist. As a case in point, a new home owner recently showed me his workshop setup—a \$239 multi-purpose power tool. Noting the lack of essential hand tools at his shop, I asked him where they were. "Don't need them—this baby can do everything." Obviously, he had been "taken" by the salesman's line. This tool would cut, turn, drill, rout, sand and dado, but it wouldn't nail, drive screws, plane, or do other vital operations. Remember, our grandfathers turned out some pretty fine woodworking jobs, and they didn't have power tools.

When setting up a home workshop, hand tools should come first—power tools after you have learned to master the hand variety. Of course, you may have some doubt as to the first tools to buy. To help you make a proper selection, the tools listed here are the most used. They can be purchased in good quality for around \$100. Actually, you don't have to go out and buy them all in a chunk. The average home craftsman expands his collection of hand tools slowly, buying three or four extra items each year as the particular need for them arises. For example, you may go along for a couple of years without having any need for bar clamps, and then you run into a gluing job where they become an absolute must. Right then and there you should put your tool money into bar clamps and settle that particular setup for the rest of your life.

When you purchase tools, buy only the best. Cheap tools aren't worth the pennies they may save you. The long life of a quality tool makes it decidedly more economical. A tool that is designed and made right will give you confidence as you use it. Manufacturers put their names on quality tools and make every effort to guard against defects in material and workmanship. Good tools, like good friends, wear well.

Hand tools are not difficult to use. Anyone possessed of ordinary co-ordination can easily learn to handle them efficiently. First, you must understand the tools you propose to use, their purposes and limitations; then learn the proper way to hold them and apply them to the work. To get a better idea of hand tools and their uses, let us consider the most commonly used ones around the home and workshop.

HAMMERS

A 13- or 16-ounce claw hammer is the handiest type for all 'round home workshop uses. The face of a good hammer is slightly rounded, to compensate for variations in the point of impact with the nail. To check quality of a hammer, inspect the claws—they should be evenly machined. With well-made claws, you can grasp the point end of a finishing nail and pull the head through a board.

There is a little trick to pulling a nail. Grasp the hammer handle firmly and tilt it forward with the claws away from you. Work the hammer claws

about the nail with a very slight sidewise movement of the hammer for a secure grip. Then give a firm, steady pull until the nail is withdrawn. In drawing an extra-long nail, place a small block of wood under the head of the hammer. This gives greater leverage in pulling, and protects the wood from damage. Don't try to remove large spikes with hammer claws

cold chisels, peening rivets and bolts, driving wedges, setting parts of an assembly together, and many other tasks. Soft-faced hammers are needed for driving wood chisels, driving close fitting parts together, and other jobs where the hard faces of the other ham-



▲ There isn't a thing in this picture that runs with a motor.

Drilling will be easier if your
◀ brace has a ratchet.

The screw driver on ▶ the right is a labor-saver. You should have several sizes of the type below.



— they are designed only for nails. Use a ripping bar for pulling spikes.

As time goes by you may wish to add several other types of hammers to your collection. A 14- or 16-ounce peening hammer, for instance, can be used for driving

Tools You Power Yourself

It really is possible to make things
without plugging into a 110-volt outlet.

By **ROBERT SCHARFF**

DISSTON



The 45-degree triangle shows you the right way to get a good cut.

mers would damage the material. The faces of these hammers may be of plastic, leather, or rubber.

SCREWDRIVERS

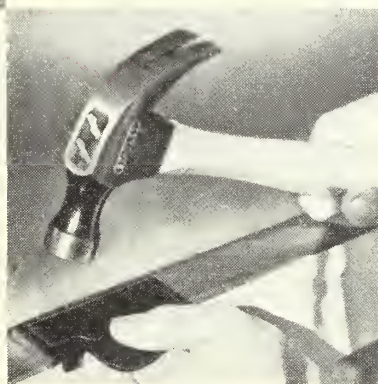
There are many sizes of screwdrivers, and several of them will be needed by the home crafter. Always use the longest available screwdriver which is convenient for the work and which has a blade that fits. The thickness of the blade should fit snugly in the screw slot and the width of the blade should be approximately the length of the slot. If too wide, the blade tip may mar the work around the screw head. If too narrow or not thick enough, the screw slot and the tip of the blade will become burred. A blade that fits properly may be kept in the slot easier while turning than one which does not.

The working end of a screwdriver should be square and straight, with sharp corners and no curves. The taper at the sides should be very gradual; a

chisel-like taper will force the driver out of the screw slot, burring the slot. The blade can be kept in good condition with a metal file. Never use a screwdriver for any purpose other than installing or removing screws. And don't use a light one on heavy work as you may twist the handle from the blade.

There are several special types of screwdrivers—some made for special screws—which you may wish to add to your tool kit. The Phillips is made

STANLEY



You can get an idea of a hammer's quality by the finish of the claws.

to fit the cross-slotted Phillips screws. The offset types in both standard and Phillips tips are made for close work where regular handle tools will not fit. The ratchet or automatic types of screwdrivers are great time-savers if you have a lot of screws to be driven, because with them once a screw is started it is simply a matter of several downward thrusts on the handle and the screw is driven home.

SAWS

For home workshop use, there are two common types of handsaws: the

crosscut saw for cutting across the grain of the wood and the rip saw for cutting with the grain. To distinguish between the two, look at the teeth. A rip saw usually has larger teeth than a crosscut saw of the same length.

The coarseness or fineness of a saw depends upon the size of the teeth and is designated by the number of teeth points per inch. The saw having few teeth—5, 5½, 6, or 7 points to the inch—will cut fast but makes a rough cut. Ripsaws usually are in this category. The common crosscut saw can be obtained with either 8, 9, 10, 11, or 12 points per inch. For general work, however, a 24-inch or 26-inch rip saw with 5 or 5½ points to the inch, and 24- or 26-inch crosscut saw with 10 points to the inch are the most widely used.

One question invariably raised by beginners is: Can a rip saw be used to crosscut, and a crosscut to rip? The answer, with distinct reservation, is yes. It should be remembered, however, that each type is made for a particular use and is most effective for that use. When starting your tool kit, should you feel that you can only buy one saw, get a crosscut one since it will be used ten times more often than a rip saw.

You might think offhand that anybody can take a saw and saw on a straight line, but it's not true. There's a trick to it—one that takes most home craftsmen considerable time to learn. First, place the piece of wood to be cut on your workbench or sawhorses and hold the saw in either hand by the handle, allowing the thumb and index finger to extend on each side of the handle to help guide the blade. The starting cut should be made with light upstrokes near the heel of the saw—never downstrokes. However, once started, put the pressure only on the downstrokes. Pivot strokes at the shoulder and elbow without twisting the body. The blade itself must be vertical or at right angles to the board to make a square cut.

When doing any type of sawing, remember the saw has thickness of its own. For this reason, the cutting mark should always be to the exact measurement and the saw cut made to the outside or waste side of the line. If the cut is made down the center of the line, the piece will be short just one-half the width of the kerf (the slot which the saw forms).

When cutting across the wood grain, hold the saw at a 45-degree angle to the wood. After sawing part way through, put a knife blade or nail into the kerf to hold it open. This prevents the saw from binding.

Other saws you may need as you add to your workshop equipment include
(Continued on page 60)

LEGION **ROD & GUN** CLUB



By JACK DENTON SCOTT

Ever wonder if the aquatic biologists, those men who go to school to learn to think like fish, have any special black magic that would help you take more fish? Recently we asked one, A. S. Hazzard, Director of the Institute of Fisheries Research of Michigan's Department of Conservation, if he had any special advice about taking trout.

"Trout are cold-water fish," he said. "They require a certain minimum of oxygen, so the angler will do much better if he keeps his lures or bait in the cold-water zone where there is enough air for the fish to breathe. Most trout lakes become depleted of oxygen in midsummer and the surface waters are too warm. Midway between this warm surface and the bottom is a zone of cold, well-oxygenated water, and that is where the trout will be." Now you know. Sic 'em.



You can still catch bullheads and channel catfish in the warm weather. When bluegills and crappies don't act hungry, you can depend on old Mr. Whiskers for an occasional bite. Worms, nightcrawlers, minnows, frogs, or a chunk of yellow laundry soap are good baits. Fish close to the bottom. You may need an extra-long pole and line in the summer to reach out from shore. A spinning rig is just the thing because it's easy to get distance. Tie a light sinker to the end of your line with one or more baited hooks above it. Let the works dangle a few feet off your rod tip behind you before you give it a heave to reach that spot. Don't try a snap cast with live bait.

Bobcats are nasty animals, and the bigger ones are deer killers. Smart dogs trained to hunt them will tree the cat until their master comes along with his rifle and finishes the beast off. Don't turn an eager-beaver hunting dog like a beagle loose on a bobcat trail. They have the courage to close with a bobcat or even a cougar; if they do, they'll end up dead dogs. The wild animal uses his claws, as well as his teeth, to kill. He has a big advantage over a domestic animal.

Arms manufacturers are not sitting it out in the back seat, even though fishing season is in full swing. The following new items will be on the market by the time you read this:

O. F. Mossberg, 131 St. John Street, New Haven, Conn., has designed a new seven-shot, .22 sporter named the 140K. It's chambered for short and long rifle cartridges (hi-speed or regular), self-cocking on the upstroke, weighs 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ pounds, sells for \$24.95 (\$1.00 more west of the Rockies). Winchester is introducing its first semi-automatic .22, the eight-shot Model 77, available with clip or tubular magazine — \$29.75 for clip, tube \$34.95. The High Standard Manufacturing Corp. of Hamden, Conn., announces the country's first nine-shot revolver with swing-out cylinder. It's the new Sentinel, which sells for \$34.95, and comes in double and single action. Handles .22 shorts, longs, and long rifles, (hi-speed or regular). Has a blue anodized aluminum alloy frame, hammer with automatic safety block, is available in three or five-inch barrel.

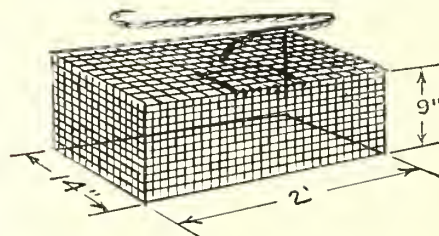
And Colt's Manufacturing Co., Hartford, Conn., has an improved version of its .22-caliber Conversion Unit ready to go. This accessory converts the Colt .45 or .38 so the shooter can use inexpensive .22 long rifle ammunition for target practice and plinking. The new unit embodies the Colt Accro rear sight—adjustable for windage and elevation—as a major improvement. The unit offers the quick-change advantage of two guns in one, can be converted without tools.

Do-it-yourself fishing-lures kits are available from Pastime Products Co., 40 Newkirk Plaza, Brooklyn 26, N. Y. Kits contain enough pieces to make three high-quality lures for spinning or casting: a surface splasher; a wobbler; an underwater plug. Each package contains wood bodies, treble hooks, screw eyes, screws, metal lips, washers, glass eyes, and an instruction booklet. Price: 98 cents.

When you see those fat and dangerous-looking black snakes wiggle their way across dusty summer roads this year, don't go out of your way to kill them. They are helpful, harmless critters. Our government experts have estimated that the annual value of one black snake is about \$3.75 in rodent control.

Norman Stava, 3923 W. 58th Pl., Chicago 29, Ill., has help for us. "If hooks used for trout fishing and other smaller fish are dulled against stream rocks and other obstacles," he says, "try rubbing them against the scratching surface of a book of matches. Points will reappear quickly." He adds another pearly: "A satisfactory hook disgorger can be easily made from an old tooth brush. File off the butt end of the handle, leaving about half of the hole which was used for hanging it up. Cut off the bristle end. Smooth off all edges and you'll have a small and efficient hook extractor."

For those fishermen lucky enough to have a use for a landing net, Paul Penquite, 1522 Alberta Street, Dayton, Ohio, says: "Attach about $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce of lead weight to the end of the net. This helps get a dry net under your fish more quickly."



"A couple of years ago," says George Bartholomaeus, 422 East 63rd Terrace, Kansas City, Mo., "my fishing partner and I lost several of our fine catch to the appetite of turtles. It was not my first experience, but these fish were dandies and I was angry at myself for allowing them to hang in the water off my stringer. After that trip I began thinking: 'A minnow bucket for minnows, why not a minnow bucket for fish? Actually a portable live trap.'"

"I constructed one out of half-inch mesh wire, about 2' x 14" x 9"—with a small trap door at the top and a length of rope for tying to a handy limb or to the boat. Already it has saved me plenty of nice fish."

F. E. Sharpe, P. O. Box 374, Monterey Park, Calif., has a tip for us given him by a guide. "On a fishing trip to Norfolk Lake, Mountain Home, Ark.," he says, "my guide showed me a new and very efficient way to scale fish. His scaler was a curry comb, which is even better on fish than on horses."

(Continued on page 63)



SOUTH DAKOTA & INDIANA TO PAY KOREA BONUSES:

By action of their 1955 legislatures, the States of South Dakota and Indiana have approved bonus payments for persons in military service during the Korean conflict Those actions bring to 7 the total of States which have approved Korea bonuses, the others being Louisiana, Massachusetts, Michigan, Vermont & Washington Indiana's bonus is restricted to certain classes of payees, and is contingent upon an existing fund holding out South Dakota's is a regular bonus in the usual pattern of such State payments.

Conditions of the South Dakota bonus include the following:

Recipient must have had service in the Armed Forces between June 25, 1950 and July 27, 1953, must have had at least 90 days' service and have left service under honorable conditions (or still be serving honorably) Maximum payment for stateside duty is \$500, at rate of 50¢ a day Maximum payment for service outside continental U. S. (including Alaska) is \$650, at rate of 75¢ a day \$650 may also go to dependents of any who died in service Service-man must have had six months residence in South Dakota immediately preceding induction into the military, and not have received a bonus from any other State based on the same service Bonus, sponsored by South Dakota America Legion, is a pay-as-you-go affair, based on sales and luxury taxes and a 1-mill property levy Whole program, including taxes, is scheduled to cease by Dec. 31, 1956 Last day for filing applications is July 1, 1956 Applicants should request application form from J. J. Kibbie, Director, South Dakota Veterans' Bonus Board, Capitol Bldg., Pierre, South Dakota.

Conditions of the Indiana bonus include the following:

The bonus is payable out of the State's WW2 bonus fund, and no new WW2 claims were to be honored if applied for after enactment of the Korea bonus act The Korea bonus payment depends upon the ability of the WW2 fund to meet Korea bonus claims Payment of Korea bonus is authorized only for reasons of (1) service-connected death, (2) service-connected disability rated 10% or more by the VA, and (3) active military duty in the Korean Theater of action No bonus is paid for service outside the Korean War Theater unless disability or death was incurred Period of service recognized by act authorizing bonus is June 27, 1950 to Jan. 1955 Payment is a flat \$500, regardless of length of service, where reason for payment is disability or death Death payments go to next of

kin \$555 is the maximum payment where reason for payment is duty in the Korean Theater Such payment is calculated at \$15 a month up to the maximum, with fractions of a month of more than 15 days counting as an additional month June 30, 1956 is final deadline for filing claims.

Payment of Indiana bonus in each class of payments is only authorized if the WW2 bonus fund can meet all claims Claims based on death have first priority and may be paid if fund can meet them all If so, then claims based on disability may be paid, if remainder can meet them all If so, then claims based on Korean Theater service may be paid, if remainder can meet them all.

One years' residence in Indiana immediately prior to induction is required of those receiving payment of the bonus.

* * * *

SOLDIERS & SAILORS RELIEF ACT MUDDLE MAY (OR MAY NOT) SOON CLEAR UP:

"Newsletter" continues to get queries from interested vets seeking progress reports on the mixed-up matter of their obligation to repay Soldiers & Sailors Relief Act assistance received by them under the 1940 law.

Under that Act, some servicemen in WW2 got gov't help to meet civilian-incurred obligations (chiefly insurance premiums) which they were unable to meet when they swapped their civilian income for military pay.

The Act, in 1940, did not say that the servicemen, now vets, had to repay the money.

It was rewritten in 1942, and thereafter clearly stipulated that the assistance would have to be paid back.

VA has taken the position that all vets who got the assistance must repay, including those who got it under the 1940 version of the Act.

Since WW2, VA has attempted to collect from all who got the help Where VA had its hands on money due a vet who got Relief Act aid, it has deducted repayments from such money Where VA couldn't get its hands on the money, it billed the vet for repayment, and if it couldn't collect it turned the case over to the General Accounting Office which, in turn, handed many cases over to the Justice Dep't for prosecution by gov't attorneys.

In the past, several cases involving repayment of aid given under the 1940 version of the Relief Act were heard in U. S. District Courts And the vets lost in every case but one When the muddle was last reported on these pages, last fall, a New York District Court had ruled that a vet who got aid under the 1940 act did not have to repay At that time the question had not been

reviewed by any court of appeals anywhere.

Today, three appeals are pending in U.S. Courts of appeal (the 10th, 9th, and 2nd.)

VA is still collecting in those cases where it has control of any funds of any of the veterans in question, since courts of equal competence have ruled both ways.

The Justice Dep't has ordered its attorneys to suspend prosecution of 1940 Relief Act cases pending the results of the appeals now being heard.

A recent Supreme Court decision, on a different issue, has stated a matter of principle which tends to weaken the VA's position regarding 1940 Relief Act repayments.

What will happen if the courts arrive at a final decision adverse to the VA? . . . A VA official recently speculated, for "Newsletter", that VA would, on its own initiative, refund all Relief Act repayments it has ever collected.

Real possibility of the muddle getting muddier will occur if the three appeals courts now hearing the Relief Act question come to different conclusions. . . For the time being the question is in their laps.

* * * *

BILL WOULD PERMIT CHALLENGING ANY ACTION OF A FEDERAL AGENCY IN THE COURTS:

A bill (HR 6114) was introduced in the House of Representatives on May 9 by Rep. Frank Thompson, Jr., (N.J.) to revise the administrative code for Federal agencies . . . One part of the bill would provide that "Every agency action shall be subject to judicial review." . . . "Newsletter" interprets this to mean that in the case of the Veterans Administration, for instance, any of its decisions could be questioned in the courts . . . At present (as for many years) few VA decisions involving veterans' benefits except those relating to a contract can be questioned in the courts. . . . Last resort for vets who challenge a VA decision in most cases is the VA's own Board of Veterans' Appeals . . . Passage of HR6114, as is, could have a revolutionary effect upon the processing of veterans' claims . . . The bill was referred to the House Committee on the Judiciary . . . Crystal ball: "Newsletter" takes dim view of prospects of this comprehensive bill to get through legislature in anything like its present form . . . Looks upon "judicial review" feature as perhaps the hottest potato in it.

* * * *

SHOULD ARMED FORCES BE PLACED UNDER SOCIAL SECURITY?

Question whether U.S. Armed Forces members should be placed under Social Security on a regular paying basis is being considered on high policy level of U.S. gov't, with much talk in favor of the idea . . . Same question has long been studied by The American Legion.

The question is not as simple as it looks at a glance, particularly because of the climate of opinion in which it is stated today . . . The American Legion was the chief sponsor of the successful movement in the past to grant Social Security coverage to those who were in service in WW2 and Korea, yet at its May meeting this year, the Legion's Nat'l Executive Committee passed Resolution 102 . . . It said, in part: ". . . We do not recognize a present necessity for Old Age and Survivors' Insurance [Social Security] for members of the Armed Forces . . ."

Legion reluctance to sponsor this apparent additional protection for servicemen and their dependents is due to

feeling that servicemen are being offered ice cream cones with the right hand while the left conceals a club.

Various money experts in and out of gov't who have been urging Social Security protection for soldiers & sailors have also been hinting that, if service personnel had Social Security, their compensation for service-connected death and disabilities—now paid for by Congressional appropriations—could be reduced or eliminated . . . Social Security benefits are being repeatedly referred to as "gov't benefits", although they are really insurance on which each person pays premiums . . . To grant Social Security coverage to Armed Forces with the right hand, then reduce compensation with the left, would simply be a roundabout way of making members of the Armed Forces pay for disability and death incurred by them in the service of the country . . . Legion agrees with ancient tradition that such payment is an obligation of the entire country, and least of all of those who actually suffer the death or disability.

Social Security itself, no less than veterans' compensation, is threatened by the increasing noise to eliminate gov't obligations on the ground that Social Security fills the bill . . . If Social Security payments to individuals are made to substitute for tax-based obligations of the gov't, then Social Security ceases to be insurance altogether and becomes a poorly-concealed tax . . . Social Security was originally envisioned as a remedy for the need for relief payments, by requiring each person to put something aside for a rainy day . . . But it is a horse of another color to treat this compulsory insurance as a remedy for the meeting of obligations . . . In the business world, this would be tantamount to refusing to pay a just debt on grounds that the person owed had money of his own . . . Legion attitude on Social Security for Armed Forces could change if attempts to let Social Security substitute for tax-based obligations would vanish.

* * * *

HOW TO KNOW MORE ABOUT VETS' BENEFITS:

"Newsletter" gets many letters from readers, asking additional questions regarding matters discussed on these pages . . . "Newsletter" will always be happy to see that all queries get the best possible answers . . . However, as a matter of practice and policy, most unsolicited queries addressed to "Newsletter" are referred to that Dep't of The American Legion in which the query originated . . . The Dep'ts and Posts of The American Legion maintain service staffs which are better set up to attend to individual problems than "Newsletter" is . . . This is particularly true when the query has to do with fitting a matter of law or regulation to an individual case . . . In such cases, "Newsletter" is not even sure that it can give a good answer, being too far removed from the specific case . . . In other cases, questions are asked of "Newsletter" which could be answered as correctly, and in better personal detail, by the service officer of one's own Legion Post . . . "Newsletter" will be glad to continue to receive all correspondence whose content indicates that there is better reason to refer it to "Newsletter" than to a nearby service officer or one's Dep't Legion officials, but hopes that queries that could easily be answered right around home will be tried there first . . . Meanwhile, "Newsletter" assures those who ignore its wishes that all valid queries will be answered or referred to competent experts.

NEWS *of The American Legion*

and Veterans' Affairs

JULY 1955

House Again Leaves Defense Up to Big Army and War Vets

For the 4th time since WW2, the U.S. House of Representatives had an opportunity to create a trained, non-veteran military reserve for the Armed Forces on May 17, 18 & 19 — and avoided it.

Again, the House did exactly nothing to create such a reserve.

Under consideration was HR 5297, a bill to provide the beginnings of a trained, non-veteran reserve.

A majority of the members of the House either fled the room or joined in amending imperfect portions of the bill into a totally unacceptable condition, then tabled the ruin they had made.

The bill would have provided 6 months of basic military training plus an 8-year reserve obligation for young men, without making it either compulsory or universal.

The devious action of loading the bill with crippling amendments and then tabling it was an echo of House performances in 1948 and 1952, when UMT bills were up for action.

It was the easy, political way out for those members who would rather not go on record for or against any military obligation for those who escape the draft.

In 1948 and 1952, most members would have voted yes for UMT, if forced to vote. They preferred not to vote at all, and managed parliamentary ways not to.

In 1951, faced with the shame of more than 600,000 WW2 vets plugging the hole in Korea — because no provision had been made to train the millions who had come of military age since WW2 — the House did pass a brave bill that provided universal military training, on paper.

But when, in 1952, the time came to get the 1951 act out of the paper stage to actually create a corps of trainees who hadn't already fought one war, the House ducked, amended and tabled — precisely as it did with a far weaker bill this May.

The House created a situation then, which still exists, whereby all veterans of the Armed Forces inducted since mid-1951 are *compelled* to stay in the reserve when their hitch is up and be subject to recall whether they elect re-

serve status or not — thus perpetuating by law the outrage that was inflicted on the WW2 vets in Korea merely through negligence.

Today, as then, these *veterans* remain the only persons who are compelled by law to be in the military reserve.

The repeat performance by the House this year makes it plain that the political theory of perhaps a majority of the members of the U.S. House of Representatives regarding military duty is this: It is better to use over and over again the fellow you have already forced into military service than to disturb the happy majority whom you have never had to burden with any duty in defense of their country.

This time, the House Armed Services Committee leaned over backwards to bring out an inoffensive bill. Nobody would have been required to take the training and reserve obligation that the bill would have permitted non-draftees to take. But up to 250,000 young men could volunteer for it each year, and

thus be exempt from the peacetime draft. The draft would then continue to select men from among those who would not volunteer for the training program.

The American Legion, which has long favored compulsory military training for men not called to active duty, went along with the House Armed Services Committee and approved the non-compulsory bill. It did provide a method of setting up a sort of system for creating a non-veteran reserve for the Armed Forces — and in 10 dangerous years since WW2 the House had done precisely nothing in that direction.

As the new bill came before the House, it had a few imperfections in addition to its mild nature.

House members leaped in large numbers upon the imperfections. They amended the imperfections into worse imperfections in the guise of "correcting" them, then threw up their hands at what they had done and tabled the pesky bill.

Those were in the minority who made any attempt to correct the imperfections in such a way as to make a more acceptable bill.

The House action again sacrifices the younger veterans to the god of politics,

FIRST POPPY SALE, 1955



President Eisenhower buys the first poppies of the recent Memorial Day poppy sale from Nat'l American Legion Auxiliary President Mrs. Percy A. Lainson, of Iowa, on May 11. The President got one poppy for himself, a bunch for the First Lady.

and prolongs the national commitment to keep a large standing military force.

Should new hostilities break out, the standing forces and those with previous service would be ordered into the breach. The ready reserves will continue to be composed chiefly of those with previous service in WW2 and Korea.

At this writing, it appeared that only a legislative miracle could revive a reserve training bill in this session of Congress.

The Senate passed sound reserve training bills several times in the past, only to see them wrecked and buried in the House. Today, the Senate is in no mood to waste time again on a bill that will not get to a final vote in the House.

Blasts House Deed

To American Legion Nat'l Cmdr Seaborn P. Collins, the failure of the House to do anything at all was a bitter pill to swallow.

The Legion's campaign to get a training bill through the legislature had been placed by the Nat'l Convention and the Nat'l Executive Committee in the hands of a special committee of three, to work with Cmdr Collins and the Nat'l Legislative Commission. The special committee is composed of Past Nat'l Cmdr Erle Cocke, Jr. (Ga.); Past Nat'l Cmdr Perry Brown (Tex.) and Granville Ridley (Tenn.).

Collins and the special committee had recognized the substantial opposition to a compulsory training program in the House, and agreed with the Armed Services Committee to give Legion sanction to the non-compulsory bill.

In addition, in their appearances before Congress to speak for a reserve training bill on behalf of the Legion,

Collins and the special committee avoided the "big stick" approach which many Representatives had complained about in the past. Taking the complaining Representatives at their word, Collins placed his faith in the innate sense of responsibility of the legislators to play fair in dealing out military obligations. He had been temperate, considerate and thoughtful in his appeals for action.

It came as a hard blow when the milder bill and the temperate approach got the same abrupt and evasive side-tracking that more militant approaches to the problem had gotten in the past.

On May 20, usually soft-spoken Seaborn Collins unleashed some harsh and realistic words.

Collins scored opponents of the measure for putting "personal political considerations ahead of the nation's security."

In charging that the bill's opponents had "deliberately ignored" the advice of the country's top military leaders, past and present, and the President, concerning the need and value of a non-veteran reserve training program, Cmdr Collins asserted that the amendments and other technical changes forced through during the debate "were only a smokescreen."

"The truth of the matter is," he said, "that too many members of the House didn't have the political courage to put themselves on record for or against a military training program to insure a strong reserve. They used the amendments and other changes as an excuse for side-tracking the bill," he said.

Cmdr Collins said that The American Legion will continue to fight for effective reserve strengthening legislation.

"The fact that some Congressmen believe that their own political future is more important than the security of our

nation does not alter one iota the need for a strong trained reserve force," he said.

"Such a force is needed to back up our regular Armed Services. The action of the House can't change this fact," he declared. "A good training program and a strong reserve are also essential to the economic solvency of our nation. We cannot continue for the next generation or longer to devote two-thirds or more of our annual budget to maintain a large, permanent military establishment," he said.

Collins asserted: "The American Legion will also continue to support reserve training of non-vets as a matter of simple justice to veterans who have already done their share and more in the defense of our country.

"If the Congress fails to enact a non-veteran reserve program, veterans who have already fought in one, and in many cases in two conflicts, in the defense of our freedoms and democratic institutions will be the first to be called back should another war come.

"Our reserve force today, inadequate and under-strength as it may be, is largely made up of men who have already fought for their country. The American Legion refuses to believe that the House of Representatives is dominated by men so indifferent to their obligation to enforce the responsibilities of American citizenship and so fearful of their jobs that they will compel a minority group of citizens to bear the entire burden of defending our nation."

Collins emphasized that The American Legion is grateful to those House members who fought for enactment of HR 5297 right down to the wire. "They're deserving of our sincerest commendation," he said.

"The members of the House who absented themselves from voting on this essential legislation and those who sought refuge behind amendments and technical changes to oppose it must be judged by the consequences of their action.

"These consequences," he concluded, "are that the long-range military security and economic solvency of our nation are jeopardized and our democratic institutions imperiled by the fact that the obligation of defending our nation is not shared fairly, as it should be, but is reserved only for those who have already carried out this responsibility."

They Spoke Up

A goodly handful in the House did speak up for reserve training. Those who took the floor in an effort to get the bill through included:

Vinson (Ga.); Brooks (La.); Devereux (Md.); Halleck (Ind.); Johnson

SEVEN ALFIS AT ONE BLOW



Seen above are the seven sons of Edward Alft (left), being inducted into membership in their father's American Legion Post — Hagerstrom-Rude Post 9, Wisconsin Rapids, Wis. The sons: Carl, Oscar, Harold, Lester, Jerry, Edward, Jr., and Dale.

(Calif.); Winstead (Miss.); Teague (Tex.); Arends (Ill.); Wickersham (Okla.); Hyde (Md.); McCormack (Mass.); Celler (N.Y.); Priece (Ill.); Taber (N.Y.); Van Zandt (Pa.); Preston (Ga.); Miller (Md.); Robison (Ky.); Forrester (Ga.); Durham (N.C.); Jones (Mo.); Kilday (Tex.); Bates (Mass.); Wigglesworth (Mass.); McDonough (Calif.); Martin (Mass.); Chelf (Ky.); Murray (Ill.); Dawson (Utah); Fisher (Tex.); Gavin (Pa.); Thompson (Wyo.); Rivers (S.C.); Dixon (Utah).

THE ARMED FORCES:

Homes for Airmen

The American Legion, on May 18, called on the Congress to provide for proper and adequate housing to correct what it calls a "serious shortage" of family quarters for the Armed Forces.

John K. Evans represented the Legion in testimony before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. Said Evans:

"... The lack of adequate housing [is] a disgrace and a problem of concern to all of the Armed Services. It is especially critical for the Air Force because it is a new expanding service".

Evans, Chairman of the Legion's Nat'l Aeronautics Committee, said there are 445,000 men in the Air Force who must have housing for their dependents. He

said the Air Force can count on only 134,000 adequate family units.

"Thus there are 311,000 men in the Air Force today who do not have adequate housing for their families".

THE CONVENTION:

Shooting for Floats

For the first time in years, if ever, Dep'ts of The American Legion are being urged to enter one or more floats each in the Big Parade at the Nat'l Convention in Miami on Tuesday, Oct. 11.

Nat'l Cmdr Seaborn P. Collins has urged that every Dep't enter at least one float; aim — to add more color and more change of pace to the flavor of what is annually America's biggest parade, and to give the parade more public appeal.

Since Cmdr Collins' announcement, a number of steps have been taken to make it easier and more worthwhile for Dep'ts to enter floats.

1. The Convention Corporation will award \$500, \$350 and \$150 to the three Dep't floats judged to be the most attractive.

2. To prevent a huge expenditure on parade floats by one or two Dep'ts from overshadowing the entries of the remainder, a ceiling of \$1500 has been placed on the maximum that may be spent on a float that is approved for the parade.

3. To prevent huge transportation expenses for floats shipped from Dep'ts

that are distant from Florida, arrangements have been made to have floats designed and built in Miami by the designers and builders of the floats used in Miami's annual Orange Bowl parade. Designs would be based on themes suggested by the individual Dep'ts.

4. To permit commercial co-sponsorship of parade floats and thus reduce the cost borne by Dep'ts, the Nat'l Executive Committee, in May, authorized limited commercial announcements to appear on parade floats.

The NEC resolution (#95, May, 1955) amends a resolution of the 1950 Nat'l Convention that prohibited all commercial legends from any and all vehicles appearing in the parade.

The NEC amendment permits an approved Dep't float to bear a commercial legend on each side, not to exceed 14 inches by six feet if linear, or a similar area if circular or irregular in shape.

Commercial legend may bear *only* the name, slogan and/or trade mark of the commercial co-sponsor.

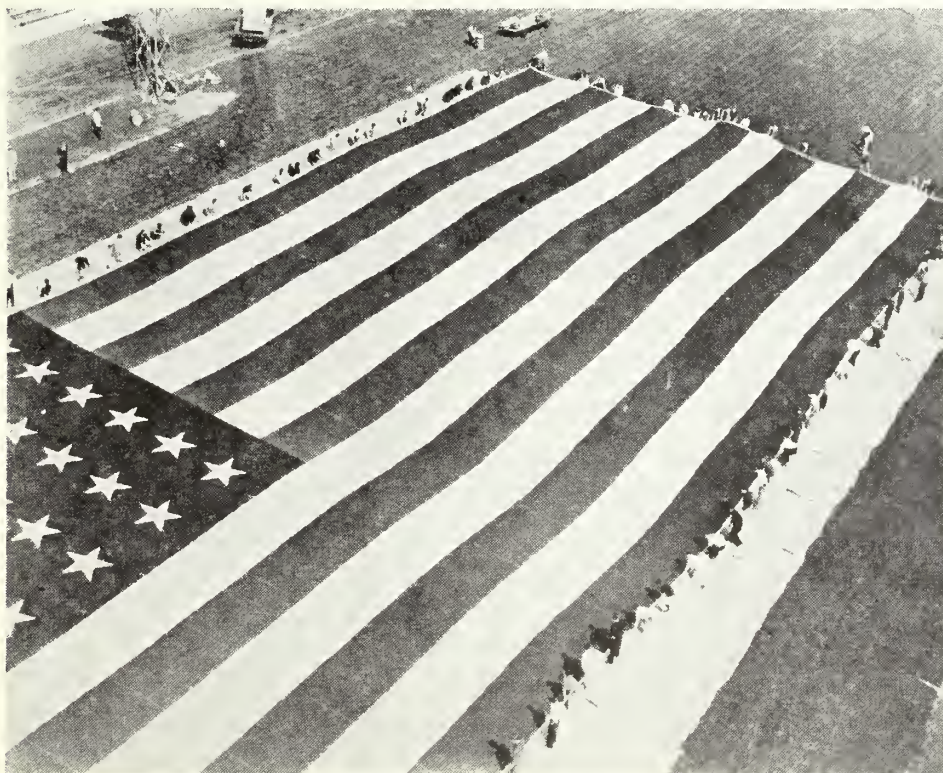
Further information on floats may be had from Float Division, The Miami Convention Corporation, The American Legion, P.O. Box 2830, Miami, Fla.

MAINE LEGION:

Fire and The Preamble

"To consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness." (Final phrase of the Pre-

NEW GLORY FOR OLD GLORY



May 3, The American Legion, the Detrex Corp. (makers of dry-cleaning equipment) and students of the U. of Detroit cleaned the largest American Flag (left) owned by Detroit's



J. L. Hudson Co. Right, a Detrex employee shows how small flags are cleaned. 26,000 dry-cleaners joined Legion's flag emphasis campaign, cleaned anyone's flag free, June 1-June 11.

amble to the Constitution of The American Legion).

An old metal bathtub tipped against a stone wall, a half-erushed, single-burner kerosene stove lying on its side, a drainage pipe leading out of the ground and ending abruptly in air, some shapeless bits of metal and concrete lying askew in ashes—these were about all that was left of the worldly possessions of Gerald Stanchfield, his wife and three children after fire swept the Stanchfield home in Monson, Maine, last April 29.

With an income of less than \$40 a week, the Stanchfields were up against it to replace the possessions and home they had put together since Gerald Stanchfield came out of service in WW2.

Three days later, on May 2, Legionnaire Stanchfield's American Legion Post breathed life into the Legion Preamble. Towne Holmbom Post 116, American Legion Dep't of Maine, resolved that an occasion was at hand for "devotion to mutual helpfulness."

The Post set out to give the Stanchfields back what they had lost. On May 6 a benefit dance netted \$130 for the newly-created Post Buddy Reconstruction Fund.

Meanwhile, Post members went to the burned out site, cleared it of wreckage, erected forms for concrete for a new foundation. The Portland-Monson Slate Co., Stanchfield's employer, donated a small, unused building on its property, which Legionnaires were ready to dismantle and move, to serve as the nucleus of the new Stanchfield home.

At presstime for these words, scarcely a month after the fire, Post 116 was running a local fund drive to raise a total of \$1200 for the special fund for the Stanchfields, and expected to have it by July 1.

The Post figured that that amount would do, since volunteer labor was cutting the dollar cost of the project. If the fund is oversubscribed, the Post has voted to give excess to American Legion Nat'l Child Welfare Fund.

Post 116, in Monson, Maine, has about 30 members.

EDUCATION:

To Hold Legion Office

This year, as in any year, something like 200,000 Legionnaires will run for some office in The American Legion, and well over 100,000 will be elected to office. Year after year, in the future, additional hundreds of thousands of Legionnaires will run for, and hold, Legion office.

Because there is more to The American Legion than meets the eye, the nat'l organization periodically offers a correspondence course in the history, structure, programs and achievements of The American Legion.

The course is especially valuable to those who aspire to hold office at any level in the organization. It gives them an authoritative grasp of Legion matters that commands respect when they are candidates, and helps them carry out their responsibilities and make correct decisions—based on knowledge and confidence—when elected.

The course, offered by The American Legion Extension Institute, has been taken by nearly 35,000 veterans so far, most of whom found it to be an eye-opener. Extension graduates are among the most respected leaders in the many Departments, especially those who are younger leaders and did not grow up with the organization.

The 10th term of the Institute begins next September. Enrollment applications must be in by August 15th. Students who take the course receive six

lessons by mail, which are of permanent value to them as American Legion reference material. Contents of the 6 volumes are as follows:

Lesson 1: *The Internal Organization of The American Legion*; (a) Origin and birth of the Legion, (b) Legion law, and (c) Legion finance.

Lesson 2: *The Internal Organization of The American Legion*; (a) The Nat'l Field Service, (b) Membership and Post activities, (c) Public relations, (d) Subsidiary groups, (e) Emblems, and (f) Publications.

Lesson 3: *The Americanism Program*; (a) Youth activities, (b) Educational activities, (c) Community service, and (d) Subversive activities.

Lesson 4: *The Rehabilitation Program*; (a) Veterans' claims, (b) The G.I. Bills, and (c) Veterans' insurance.

Lesson 5: *The Legislative Program*; (a) Federal & State. In same volume, *The Economic Program*; (a) Veterans' employment problems and programs.

Lesson 6: *The National Defense Program* and *The Child Welfare Program*.

Cost of the course for 1 person is \$6.00. Special rates for 5 or more enrollments in one order are: 5 to 9 enrollments, \$3.00 each; 10 or more enrollments, \$2.00 each.

Orders may be placed before Aug. 15 using the coupon on this page. If ordering for more than 1 person with this coupon, to take advantage of multiple rate, enclose one payment for all and list names, home addresses, Post number and 1955 card numbers on a separate sheet, with coupon attached.

Make check or money order payable to The American Legion.

Graduates of course get a graduation certificate and a cap patch.

LEGION PROGRAMS:

How to Be Famous

Does anybody in the house want national recognition for an idea for a good American Legion program that he may have thought up?

Here are some tips on how to get it.

Programs of two Dep'ts of The American Legion were commended to the other Dep'ts in Resolutions 5 & 37 of the Nat'l Executive Committee in May.

They were (1) the Blood Donor Program of the Dep't of Pennsylvania and (2) the Safety Essay Contest of the Dep't of New Jersey.

There is nothing very original in the idea of either a blood donor program or a safety essay contest. The present nat'l recognition given these two programs points up the fact that mere ideas often are not worth nearly as much as the devotion, patience, hard work and

American Legion Extension Institute

C. M. Wilson, Director

P.O. Box 1055

Indianapolis 6, Indiana

MAKE ORDER PAYABLE TO THE AMERICAN LEGION

Please enroll (me) (those whose names, addresses and 1955 card numbers are attached) in the 10th term of The American Legion Extension Institute, starting this September. Full payment of \$.....is enclosed, @ \$6 each for 4 persons or less, \$3 each for 5 to 9, \$2 each for 10 or more.

Name.....

Home address.....

Post No..... 1955 Card No.....

(If more than one order is placed herewith, list all names, addresses, Post identification and 1955 card numbers on separate sheet and clip to coupon).

ingenuity of men who will make ideas (new or old) work well.

The American Legion, like any organization, has its share of idea men who seek sanction and recognition for ideas that they have thought up but never developed. Yet hoopla over the best of ideas, when they have not been put to work, ends up as nothing but sheer noise.

Few of the successful working programs of The American Legion got that way by being thought of, talked about and publicized. They only materialized as something worthy of recognition after some quiet Joes buckled down and made them work, on the local level first and on a broader scale when the local test had proved itself.

American Legion Junior Baseball was an idea for several years, and nothing else, until the Dep't of South Dakota put the program through its birth pangs as a one-state guinea pig. Hard workers went through many more tribulations before Junior Baseball rose to its present status.

Boys' State wasn't suddenly created as a national program. The Dep't of Illinois was enamored of the idea and made it work successfully in Illinois before it got anywhere. Hayes Kennedy (still a member of the nat'l Boys' State Committee) was perhaps the chief midwife who made Boys' State get born in Illinois by making it work there.

Getting down to the present, the Pennsylvania Blood Donor program started as a local program of Legionnaires in northeast Pennsylvania. It was pushed hard (with no dreams of nat'l glory) by such Pennsylvanians as Paul Selecky, Jack Dodson and Herbert Walker—all now Past Dep't Cmdrs of Pennsylvania. The program spread all over the state from the Wilkes-Barre area, and has become perhaps the nation's most outstanding example of teamwork between the Red Cross and another organization.

The recognition the Pennsylvania program has just gotten from the Nat'l Executive Committee is not recognition of the *idea* of a blood donor program. That's old stuff. It is recognition of the proved workability of this particular program.

The New Jersey Safety Essay Contest is a story written in the same style. Essay contests are old hat, as ideas. But the N. J. contest has been working well for 11 years. Essay contests have one excellent function, and they are all hokum if they don't fulfill that function.

If you are promoting a safety contest you must get a lot of people to compose an essay on the subject. The excellent theory is that if you can get people to organize their own thoughts on safety and put them on paper, they will pay more attention to good safety practices

all their lives than if they had been forced to listen to 10,000 lectures on the subject.

In the last 11 years the American Legion Dep't of N. J., in cooperation with the schools, has gotten 780,000 6th to 8th grade children to write safety essays. The tally last year alone was 91,000, as 216 Posts sponsored contests in 550 schools, and awarded prizes and citations valued at more than \$3,500.

Police Cap't Byron Christie, of Post 255, Garfield, N. J., got this one rolling, starting in his own Post. He has spent 11 years developing it in his Dep't. Jersey Legionnaires today are happy to maintain Cap't Christie in office as their Dep't Safety Chairman.

The idea of a safety essay contest is available free. But anyone who wants to know how a tried and true one works can write Cap't Christie at Police Hq., Garfield, N. J.

Minnesota's Good Deal

On the subject of safety, not enough has been said of the remarkable safety program of the American Legion Dep't of Minnesota. That Dep't is the chief sponsor of Minnesota's summer camp for boys and girls who direct young pedestrians at street crossings near schools.

Minnesota's summer camp is both a

reward and a training ground for "junior police" in Minnesota's schools. It is the only such camp, giving uniform school safety patrol instruction for a whole State, to be found in the U. S.

The camp is called Legionville. It is 35 years old. In all that time not a single fatality has occurred at a school street crossing in the State of Minnesota that was guarded by a Legionville summer camp trainee.

Right now, Minnesota Legionnaires are raising \$130,000 to build a brand new, modern Legionville camp. The devotion of Minnesota Legionnaires to this remarkable program was exemplified once again during the recent bitter cold Minnesota winter, when 15 members of Post 255, at Brainerd, Minn. (site of the new camp), ran a complete survey and topographical study of the 390-acre site for the new Legionville.

The 400 volunteer man-hours in near-zero weather that did the job were worth \$2,800 at the going rate for surveying and topographic drafting.

The Minnesota Dep't hopes to be able to train 1,000 boy and girl school safety patrolmen a year when the new camp is completed.

A FIT MEMORIAL:

Do you want to make a fitting memorial to a departed comrade who has

Mrs. Jane Doe
32 America Drive
Indianapolis, Ind.

(shown here actual size)

Mrs. Jane Doe
32 America Drive
Indianapolis, Ind.

FREE BOX OF **250**

GUMMED LABELS

PRINTED WITH
YOUR NAME and ADDRESS

for making the simple test described below

LET US SHOW YOU HOW EASILY FOLKS

Make Good Money

in spare time...WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!

THE coupon will bring you 250 gummed labels with your name and address printed on each one. They have dozens of handy uses. They are free—whether or not you do anything about the Doebla "Extra Money" Plan.

We'll also send you sample assortments of Doebla Christmas and All-Year-Round Greeting Cards, on approval. Just SHOW them to your friends. The cards are so unusual and such wonderful bargains that no "selling" is needed. If your friends don't snap them up and ask for more—return them without cost or obligation. The 250 labels are yours to keep as a gift.

One of These Notion-Wide Associates Will Give You Prompt Service in Your Area:

Boulevard Art Publishers Chicago 4, Ill.	Greetings Unlimited St. Paul & Minneapolis, Minn.
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Capitol Card Company, Inc. New Orleans 12, La.	Imperial Greeting Card Co. Los Angeles 13, Cal.
Columbia Card Co., Ltd. Dallas, Texas	Midwest Card Co. St. Louis 1, Mo.
Harry Doebla Co. Nashua, N. H. & Palo Alto, Cal.	Western States Card Co. Denver 4, Colo.

If this little test works out as well for you (as it has for thousands of others) it will prove a simple way to make that extra money for which you now have so many good uses. Just mail coupon now.

HARRY DOEBLA and Associates, Studio A-137,

Address any one of these three offices: **NASHUA, N. H.**
ST. LOUIS 1, MO.
PALO ALTO, CAL.

Send 250 gummed labels printed with my name and address. Also send "Extra Money" Plan and samples of Doebla Christmas and All-Year-Round assortments on approval. The 250 labels are mine to keep free. I will return the assortments (without cost or obligation) UNLESS I find that merely showing them to other folks can provide me with an easy way to make extra money. Send me free samples of "Name-Imprinted" Stationery, too.

Name.....
(Please PRINT Your Name and Address VERY Clearly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

served The American Legion well, or any citizen who has shown himself to have been a friend of veterans?

One graceful and helpful way is to make a contribution in memoriam to such a person to The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation.

This fund, in existence since 1925, is held in perpetual trust. Income from it is used solely for Rehabilitation and Child Welfare work in The American Legion. One hundred percent of gifts go into the capital of the fund, which is administered without charge by the distinguished Legionnaire officers of the Fund Corporation.

In recent years an increasing number of individuals and groups have made gifts to the fund in the names of departed comrades — a distinguished, worthy and permanent form of living memorial.

Memorial gifts can be made out to the Corporation and sent to Harry W. Colmery, President, American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation, P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

POST NEWSPAPERS:

No Money Problem

Officers of Post 78, Henniker, N. H., knew that without a Post newspaper the Post was not doing the best job it could in passing the word on various subjects of Post interest to the membership.

But mention of a Post newspaper summoned up images of the expenditure of money, a commodity that was in short supply.

Here's how they licked the problem:

The Post published 100 copies of a 4-page, mimeo, legal-size newspaper. One page was filled with classified ads, which were sold for exactly one cent a word; three pages contained compressed news relating to the Post.

Ads at 1¢ a word were surprisingly easy to sell. Complete ads averaged between 30¢ and 50¢ a customer.

Financial statement for the first issue was as follows:

Ad revenue	\$7.65
4 stencils @ .15	\$.60
Ink	.10
1 ream paper (donated)	.00
Postage—100 @ .02	2.00
Total expenses	2.70
Profit	\$4.95

If the mimeo paper had been purchased, it would have cost 86¢. Profit would then have been \$4.09.

With the addition of a profitable Post newspaper in Henniker, N. H., there are now more American Legion local newspapers than ever, reports Jack R. C. Cann, Secretary of The American Legion Press Ass'n.

Legion papers listed in new 1955 directory total 792. Others have been reported since the directory went to press. Of the total, 527 are affiliated with The American Legion Press Ass'n. In addition, 849 Legion editors are members of the press ass'n.

Unaffiliated Legion papers and editors may join the ass'n and receive its Legion news service by applying to Cann at P. O. Box 1055, Indianapolis 6, Indiana.

JUNIOR BASEBALL:

New Wrinkles

Most plans, facts & figures for the 1955 American Legion Junior Baseball season were solidified by the last week in May. New rules, most of the playoff pairings and schedules, and some new wrinkles were in evidence in announcements approved by the Nat'l Americanism Commission and released by Nat'l Junior Baseball Director Lou Brissie.

Two new rules are noteworthy:

1. New age-limit rule increases by four months the eligibility age for contestants. Boys born on or after Sept. 1, 1937 may compete. Under older rule, players this year would have been restricted to those born on or after Jan. 1, 1938.

2. Under certain conditions, boys living in or attending school in one State may compete with a Junior Baseball team functioning in another State. Thus, a boy living in West Virginia, near the Kentucky border and remote from any Junior Baseball team in his own State, may play with a nearby Kentucky team. Approval of American Legion Dep't in both States must be obtained.

New wrinkles include:

1. Arrangements with airlines to fly many teams competing in the regional, sectional and nat'l tourneys.

2. Issuance of a special card to American Legion Junior Baseball players which will be honored by 10 minor leagues for free general admission to their games.

3. Revision of the Junior Baseball Handbook (available from Dep't Hq.).

SOMEBODY STOLE MAY DAY



UNIONTOWN, PA.



BURLINGTON, WIS.

May Day was Loyalty Day all over the United States in 1955. Once the day for commies to howl, it is increasingly an Americanism day. At left, above, is a typical scene in Uniontown, Pa., which celebrated its 22nd annual, Legion-sponsored

Americanism Day. At right is shown the second "May Day, U.S. Way," staged by the town of Burlington, Wis. In New York's Union Square, once the center of red soap-box oratory, you couldn't see the reds for the Red, White and Blue.

New handbook has much new material on the planning, promotion and operation of a Junior Baseball team, including a special feature "How to Keep a Sponsor Happy."

In the tentative department, The American Legion has received inquiries from interested agencies asking what would be involved in sending two Junior Baseball teams each on tours to (a) Latin America and (b) Japan and the Orient. The necessary information has been supplied. Whether either of the two tours will actually come off was uncertain at presstime.

MEMBERSHIP:

Help for '56 Campaign

Preparation of materials to assist new Post officials in the 1956 American Legion membership campaign is well under way in the offices of the Nat'l Membership and Post Activities Committee in Indianapolis. Theme for the campaign will be "It's Great to be an American Legionnaire."

A 32-page membership campaign booklet will soon be available to Posts through their Department offices. The booklet outlines:

1. Six reasons why it's great to be an American Legionnaire.
2. A five-point sales program about which a Post membership campaign may be built.

3. Suggestions for assigning members to a membership committee of a Post.
4. The fundamental meaning of Legion membership.
5. Methods for locating and contacting prospective new members.
6. The use of publicity in a membership campaign.
7. Methods of selling membership.
8. Available literature on membership work.
9. Incentives and awards for successful membership workers.
10. Renewals.
11. Important dates in the 1956 membership drive.

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS:

The citation of an individual Legionnaire to life membership in his Post is a testimonial by those who know him best that he has served The American Legion well.

Below are some of the life membership citations in 1955 recently reported by Post officials:

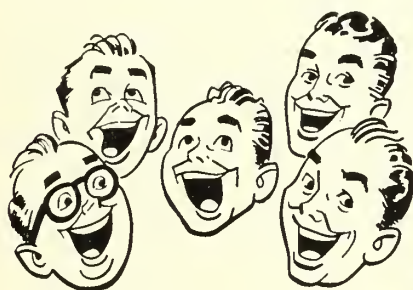
- Jan. 21: William C. Bridgman and Leo Goldfinger and Harry Davidson, Post 543, New York, N. Y.
- Jan. 27: Harold F. Walters and Harry Winart and William J. Copeland, Post 94, Clementon, N. J.
- Jan. 29: Michael Puskas, Post 25, New Brunswick, N. J.
- Jan. 29: George Carlton and John Campbell and Charles I. Carty, Post 159, Mackinaw City, Mich.
- Feb. 2: Father Joseph Lonergan, Post 84, Aurora, Ill.
- Feb. 3: A. E. Seawright and Jesse L. Morris, Jr., Post 14, Anderson, S. C.
- Feb. 3: Frank Raz and Edward Brandon and Peter J. Neuhauer, Post 631, Woodside, N. Y.
- Feb. 3: George D. Miller and G. Lee McClain and T. W. Spalding, Post 121, Bardstown, Ky.

- Feb. 8: Hook L. Smith and John B. Williams and James C. Hooks, Post 89, Mullins, S. C.
- Feb. 12: James F. McNamara, Post 254, Mays Landing, N. J.
- Feb. 14: Wallace C. Ocorr, Post 146, Rochester, N. Y.
- Feb. 16: Theodore Ellis Stokes, Post 81, Pleasantville, N. J.
- Feb. 21: C. A. Carlson and Lawrence R. Tompkins, Post 172, Fairplay, Colo.
- Feb. 26: James Boyle, Post 5, Waterville, Maine.
- Feb. 28: Milton M. Griffin, Post 1, Rockland, Maine.
- Mar. 7: Edward J. Daneault, Post 48, Hudson, N. H.
- March 9: Abe J. Davidson, Post 88, Marvell, Ark.
- March 12: Joseph P. Consiglio, Post 411, Islip, N. Y.
- Mar. 13: Albert Ruggles, Post 12, Dixon, Ill.
- Mar. 15: Dr. Charles W. Hoshall and Sid A. Miller, Post 35, Oklahoma City, Okla.
- Mar. 15: Robert J. Kelley, Post 103, Ashtabula, Ohio.
- March 15: Carl D. Buchanan, Post 112, Winter Park, Fla.
- Mar. 15: Ernest Jones, Post 160, Smyrna, Ga.
- Mar. 17: James C. Griscom, Post 133, Woodbury, N. J.
- March 23: A. P. Phillips, Jr., and Clyde I. Walker, Post 19, Orlando, Fla.
- Mar. 24: Margaret C. Moors, Post 170, West Palm Beach, Fla.
- Mar. 24: Fred E. Taggart, Jr., Post 332, Batavia, N. Y.
- Mar. 25: James S. Saliba, Post 11, Florence, Ala.
- March 25: Walter C. Atwood, Post 1180, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- April 16: Robert Birn, Jr., and Elmer Riddick and Elmer Herring and Albert J. Wilderson, Post 153, Park Ridge, N. J.
- April 16: Edwin J. Duffy, Post 241, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Among the many life memberships awarded before they were regularly listed in these pages are the following:

- Veno Sacre (1946) and Fred E. Garrity (1949), Post 124, Detroit, Mich.
- Joseph G. Carty (1948), Post 9, Plainfield, N. J.
- Henry De Lara (1949) and Samuel Sukenik (1954), Post 1049, New York, N. Y.
- Rev. Louis J. Grohman (1949), Post 1, Denver, Colo.
- George D. Levy (1948) and Martin K. Rosefield (1953), Post 15, Sumter, S. C.

(Continued on next page)



Hail, hail, the gang's all flying Eastern to the Convention!



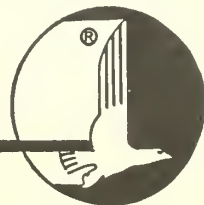
EVERYONE is going to be at the big convention in Miami Oct. 10-13! And many of your friends and fellow Legionnaires are planning to fly Eastern Air Lines. Eastern serves Miami and 92 other great communities with the world's *most advanced* airliners. Call your local Eastern office and make your reservations now!

AFTER THE CONVENTION, enjoy Eastern's "Happy Holidays" in Puerto Rico, Havana, Nassau or Mexico! For full details about these *low-cost* luxury vacations, call your local Eastern office or write: Convention Dept., Eastern Air Lines, 10 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

FLY WITH CONFIDENCE

Fly EASTERN Air Lines

27 YEARS OF DEPENDABLE AIR TRANSPORTATION



LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

(Continued)

Frank Heinel (1950) and Leonard C. Manser (1954), Post 63, Clintonville, Wis.
 Ross L. Hevel (1954), Post 12, Haines, Alaska.
 Gen. William F. Dean (1953), Post 7, Berkeley, Calif.
 Ovid B. Jernigan (1948), Post 32, Longmont, Colo.

MOVIES:

The Foot Soldier

For the first time in Hollywood history, a real-life hero gets a chance to play himself in a motion picture. Audie Murphy, America's most decorated soldier, re-enacting his own life in the Universal-International picture *To Hell and Back*, portrays the courage, determination, and stamina of the often unnoticed combat infantryman.

Murphy, whose ambition to go to West Point was knocked out by the wound which got him his third Purple Heart, wrote his autobiography after WW2. He didn't think at the time that he would some day be making the vivid Technicolor movie of the incidents which won him 24 decorations including the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The 30 months which saw the "baby," as he was called by his buddies, rise from PFC to 1st Lieutenant are depicted in a realistic film. Probably for the first time, a movie conveys to an audience what war means to the foot-slogging soldier.

The screen writer found that it wasn't necessary to invent anything to create a dramatic picture. Murphy's own record, as told in the cold, official language of his citations, supplied all the

drama that the picture required.

Surrounded by a cast of excellent young actors who played his real-life combat buddies, Murphy relived the battles of Sicily, the Anzio beachhead, the landing in Southern France, the Colmar pocket, and the other campaigns in which Company B, 15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Division fought in WW2.

The grim humor of the infantryman comes across in a re-enactment of the engagement which won Murphy the Medal of Honor. Asked on the phone by a liaison officer "how close" the Germans were, Murphy answered, "Hold the phone, I'll let you talk to one."

Murphy may still regret not having gone to West Point, but movie-goers who see him in *To Hell and Back* will be glad that he decided to take up acting as a career instead.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS:

Leo V. Lanning, Nat'l Executive Committeeman from New York and member of Nat'l Finance Commission, appointed manager of VA Regional Office, Albany, N.Y.

Past Nat'l Cmdr Erle Cocke, Jr., married Miss Madelyn Alice Grotnes at Park Ridge, Ill.

Frank G. Mitzel, Past Cmdr of Wayne County (Mich.) Council, elected president of the American Bowling Congress. Died

Frank X. Murray, Past Dep't Cmdr of Pennsylvania (1943-44) and member of Nat'l Constitution and By-Laws Committee, of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Dr. W. R. Neumarker, member of

Post 84, Columbus, Nebr., who had attended the Paris Caucus.

BRIEFLY NOTED:

► The American Legion Dep't of New Jersey held a 2½-day American Legion College at Fort Dix, N.J., May 13, 14, 15. Nearly 125 registered students from American Legion Posts all over the State got a thorough briefing on the history and workings of American Legion activities, programs, and policies. It was the first such college held by the N.J. Dep't.

► Breakdown of \$91,533.42 presented to The American Legion by The American Legion Auxiliary at the May meeting of the Nat'l Executive Committee is as follows:

To The American Legion Child Welfare Foundation, \$51,533.42 (\$25,000 from Nat'l Auxiliary and \$26,533.42 from Auxiliary Units and Dep'ts).

To the general Legion Child Welfare Fund, \$15,000.

To the Legion's Rehabilitation program, \$25,000.

► At the same time, J. Earl Simpson, head of 40&8, turned over to the Legion a check from 40&8 for \$50,000 for Child Welfare.

► Dep't of Nevada became the 10th Dep't to reach its 1955 membership quota when it attained a percentage of 100.2.

► *Need A Lift?*, the American Legion handbook on scholarships, will be used this summer at the Guidance Institute of Fordham University's School of Education and by the State Supervisor of Guidance at a summer session of the State University of South Dakota.

► Forty-seven radio stations in Virginia carried the American Legion Loyalty Day broadcast May 1. Dep't Cmdr L. Eldon James, Gov. Stanley, and U.S. Senators Byrd and Robertson participated.

► Dep't of North Dakota has reached an all-time high in membership. In late May, Dep't had 27,102 members.

► Through the intercession of The American Legion and Sen. Lyndon Johnson of Texas, a one-year-old girl afflicted with tubercular meningitis was flown by the U.S. Air Force from Texas to the Nat'l Jewish Hospital, Denver, Colo. The child is the daughter of a 100 per cent disabled Korea vet.

► The Onondaga County (N.Y.) American Legion presented its medal for Americanism to Mrs. Eleanor Buchanan for her work in fighting communism.

► W. L. Johnston, Sr., Past Cmdr of Post 135, Phenix City, Ala., has enrolled an average of more than 200 members a year since 1944.

► The 17th District, Woodford County, Ill., reports 1,393 members for a 59.3

AUSTRALIA REMEMBERS U.S. G.I'S



Nat'l Cmdr Seaborn P. Collins and Veep Richard Nixon get special souvenirs of the huge monument in Canberra, Australia, honoring U.S. G.I's. 2nd from left is Aussie Ambassador Spender; at right, Floyd Blair, Pres., Australian American Ass'n.

percentage of the county's eligible vets.

► Thirty-five slightly used drum and bugle corps uniforms are offered for sale by Post 247, Chisholm, Minn. Write Wm. F. Richards, corps manager, at that Post.

► The State of Nevada has adopted an Aid to Dependent Children Law. The American Legion has plumped for thirty years for such child welfare laws in every one of the States and Territories. With passage of the Nevada law, such legislation now exists in all 48 States plus D. C., Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands.

► The American Legion has a role in the operation of a Rehabilitation Center at Seward, Alaska—where patients of the Seward Sanatorium get job training during late stages of hospitalization and convalescence. Rehab Center began with a photo finishing shop in 1953, now includes training in shoe repair, skin sewing, key making and saw filing, and operates a gift shop. The Center, which is a joint civic enterprise, occupies a converted warehouse with 19 rooms for trainees. Among Legion volunteer participants is Mrs. Ethel B. Lindlay, Rehabilitation Chmn, American Legion Dep't of Alaska.

► The Truman L. Ingle Legion Memorial Fund has been established by Dep't of Missouri Executive Committee. Interest from the memorial trust fund will be used in Child Welfare work in Mo., especially to assist persons who plan to teach the deaf.

► Dep't of Panama has reached an all-time membership high by attaining 115.48% of quota.

► Ellis Rubin, former Dep't of Florida Un-American Activities Chmn, now serving as Special Ass't Att'y General of Florida, has published *Report on Investigation of Subversive Activities in Florida*.

► Final 1954 membership figures announced by the Boy Scouts of America show total of 3,988 Scout units under American Legion auspices.

► The sup't of Juvenile Hall in Los Angeles has special praise for the American Legion Auxiliary of the 24th District of California. Auxiliary provides supplies and equipment for, puts on special programs for, and shows special interest in the 500 children detained in Juvenile Hall. Sup't David Bogen says this activity is profoundly important and extends "far beyond the call of duty."

► The American Legion Dep't of Alaska last year furnished 10,000 "Alaska Visitor" auto windshield stickers to U.S. customs officials at ports of entry. Stickers served official purposes, were handsomely illustrated, and carried American Legion emblem.

► Friends threw a big party for Her-

bert E. Michaels recently, marking his retirement as service officer of Post 50 in Cincinnati, Ohio. He had been on the job since 1922. Michaels had been and still is active in American Legion national rehabilitation work.

► W. B. Davis Sr., Post 125, Richmond, Va., recently completed 1,000 hours of volunteer VA hospital work. Most hospital workers enrolled in the VA volunteer service who have 1,000 or more hours recorded are women. Davis' record is in line with VA's plea that one of the great needs in the volunteer hospital work for disabled vets is the participation of more men.

► Nat'l Ass'n of American Balloon Corps Veterans has arranged to preserve valuable records of ballooning in the Smithsonian Institute, and will supply stickers which individuals may put on any such documents they may have, directing they be sent to Smithsonian at any time when the present owner or his heirs might otherwise consider destroying them. For stickers and other info write Charles F. Devine, 1620 Sterigere St., Norristown, Pa. Devine is the balloon vets' nat'l emdr.

RECENT POST DOINGS:

► Post 13, Joplin, Mo., gave a copy of *The American Legion Reader* to the Joplin Public Library.

► Dep't of Connecticut gave a citation to Post 34, Milford, for the services rendered by members of the Post's Auxiliary Police Unit which recently celebrated its 27th anniversary. Post members, sworn in as policemen, have assisted the local police dep't since 1928, even policing the entire town (pop. 40,000) on many occasions. Unit, now a part of the local Civil Defense set-up, has also performed emergency police duties around the clock when hurricanes have struck the community.

► Among Posts which have entered claims to the title "Biggest Little Post" in the Legion are: Post 353, Dixon, Iowa, which has 210 members out of a 1950 vet population of 208; Post 436, Greentown, Ohio, with 334 members in a community of 750 persons; Post 146, Loretto, Tenn.—469 members in town of 706; Post 266, Hartland, Minn.—151 members, population 298; Post 73, Sweetgrass, Mont.—120 members, pop. 300; Post 185, Grantsburg, Wis.—231 members, pop 931; Post 561, Lewisville, Minn.—206 members, pop. 362. Expected to be contender: Post 132, Kearns, Utah. Post is located in town now being erected on site formerly occupied by an air base, and almost all the home owners are vets.

► Post 9, Alameda, Calif., made its membership quota of 555 on 5-5-55.

► As it had done in 1954, Post 411, Milwaukee, Wis., observed its Americanism (Continued on next page)



The Flatfish
Makes An Amateur
An Expert

The Flatfish enables even an amateur fisherman to be an expert because of its extremely lifelike motion which fools a fish into striking. That's why it is something special. World's largest selling plug. Over 14,000,000 sold. Get it at your tackle dealer's or write for 48-page book with fishing secrets of famous anglers.

Free CATALOG 4099 Beaufait Detroit 7, Mich.



AERO SHAVE
Lather Bomb

59¢
JUST PUSH VALVE

CONTAINS 3 BEARD SOFTENERS

ATHLETE'S FOOT

CUTICURA Relieves Faster

Clinical tests prove new, sensational CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID relieves 9 out of 10 cases—in just 4 to 14 days! It stops itching instantly—checks most cases of infection—usually kills pathogenic fungi—and soothes as it helps heal raw, open cracks. 60¢ at druggists. If your druggist hasn't it, don't waste money on substitutes but send us 10¢ for generous trial size.

CUTICURA, Dept. 2GY, Malden 48, Mass.

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RECENT POST DOINGS
(Continued)

Night by donating an automatic page turner (a device to turn the pages of books for paralyzed persons) to the Wood (Wis.) VA Hospital.

Post 258, Yosemite, Calif., this year enlisted the aid of other local organizations in its annual tree pruning of the three historic apple orchards of Yosemite. Orchards were planted in the 1860's and had been neglected for many years.

Post 175, Longmeadow, Mass., sponsored four hockey teams last winter. It also has an excellent blood donor squad.

Post 22, Charleroi, Pa., has a 15-minute "Back to God" program on station WESA every other Friday.

Post 743, New York, N.Y., awarded the Medal of Valor to Air Force Capt. Jack T. Woodyard, who piloted the airplane which rescued nine survivors of an airliner shot down off the China coast by communist aircraft. Post gave its Gen. Billy Mitchell Trophy to Adm. Arthur W. Radford, Chmn of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. This trophy is given annually to "the U.S. citizen making the outstanding individual contribution to aviation progress."

The fact that membership increases when a Post has active Legion programs has been proved again, this time by Post 70, Seabrook, N.H. The Post, located in a town of less than 2,000 people, increased its membership from 30 four years ago to 200 by late April this year. The Post retired two Dep't trophies for its membership activities. During past year this Post: presented a TV set to a VA hospital; donated an audiometer to the local schools; held Halloween and Christmas parties for the children of Seabrook; donated a stage for a new school building; presented Pledge-

of-Allegiance-to-the-Flag cards for each school room.

Post 10, Reno, Nev., was responsible for commemorating USS Nevada Day this spring. A highlight of the ceremonies honoring the USS Nevada, which fought in both world wars, was the presentation to Gov. Charles H. Russell of remnants of the champagne bottle used to launch the ship. Nat'l Exce. Committeeman Tom Miller made the presentation.

Post 70, Oberlin, Kans., conducted its third annual Junior-Senior Dusk to Dawn Party for high school youngsters. Party consisted of a promenade down Oberlin's main street at 6:00 p.m.; a dance; a midnight movie; games and more dancing at the Legion Hall; breakfast served by the Auxiliary at 5:00 a.m.

Post 501, New York, N.Y., awarded the William J. McGough Memorial Trophy to Past Nat'l Cmdr James F. O'Neil for his contributions to the development of aviation. Roger Wolfe Kahn, Grumman Aircraft test pilot, received the Post's Medal of Merit for his work in the development of jet aircraft.

More than 225 residents of Uniontown, Pa., attended the testimonial dinner which Post 51 of that community gave for the retired and retiring teachers of Uniontown schools.

Since May 1952, Post 209, New York, N.Y., has placed 160 handicapped vets in industry, and has contributed \$17,500 to Just One Break, Inc. (an organization that aids in securing jobs for the physically handicapped). Post was recently presented with a plaque and citation on behalf of President Eisenhower for its "outstanding efforts in promoting equal opportunity in employment for the physically handicapped."

Post 15, Oak Park, Ill., has recog-

nized outstanding scholarship and leadership qualities of 528 pupils in the 26 consecutive years that Post has participated in The American Legion School Award Program. A present Post member, George E. Lussow, won a school award in 1931.

Members of Post 158, Los Gatos, Calif., accompanied Post's initiation team to the home of Oliver James Moore where team initiated Moore, who is confined to an iron lung, and his wife into Legion membership.

Post 3, Roanoke, Va., has arranged with Station WSLs-TV to televise a series of 13 programs entitled "Know Your Government." Series deals with city government and the role of the citizen.

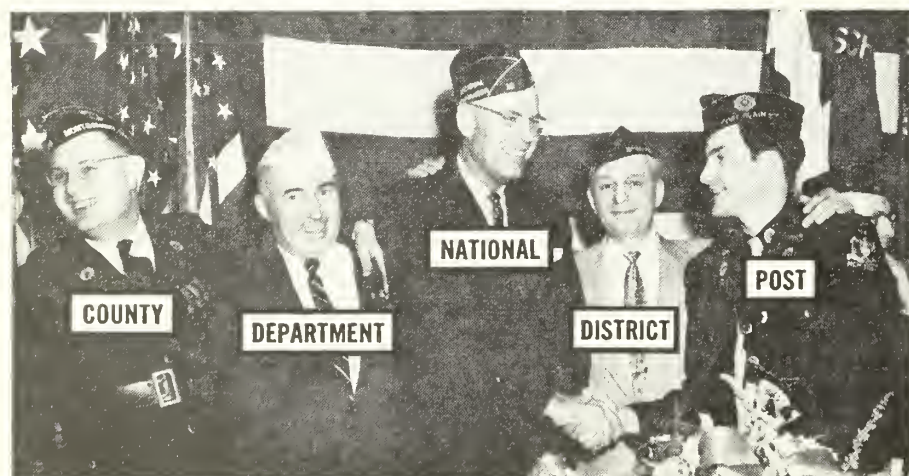
Post 806, Chicago, Ill., sponsors a Boy Scout troop at the Chicago Parental School for Boys, a school for delinquent boys. Post and Unit furnish boys with Scout Handbooks, hats and belts, and with clothing. They provide a chicken dinner for the Scout of the Month and an adult, and in summer hold weiner roasts, swimming parties, and watermelon feasts for the Scouts. For this work, Post won 9th (Ill.) District Child Welfare Award in 1954.

Post 28, Farmington, Maine, has established a Teen-Age Center in its Post home. Center, which provides wholesome recreation for teen-agers, is a big hit with the local youngsters.

Post 331, Hollywood, Calif., has "adopted" Giuliana Liquori, an eight-year-old Italian orphan, through the Foster Parents' Plan for War Children, Inc. The "adoption" is financial, not legal. The foster parent promises to contribute \$15.00 monthly to the child's support.

Post 331, Ravenna, Ohio, has a new Post home, is prospering, has high membership. As usual, Post success is related to a history of meaningful Post programs conducted for the Legion and for the community. Long list of the Post's programs includes (1) sponsorship of an outstanding, community-wide Legion "Back to God" program; (2) gift of \$700 microscope to hospital; (3) gift of 66 American Flags to school classrooms; (4) contribution to many worthy fund programs; (5) sending a handicapped child to a special school; (6) sending three boys to Boys' State; (7) sponsoring State essay contest; (8) entertaining all local school teachers at a banquet; (9) entertaining Boy Scouts and giving flags to Scout units; (10) creating \$500 fund to help veterans in distress; (11) sponsoring training for two Civil Defense officers; (12) co-sponsoring special fund to pay for football injuries to high school athletes.

FIVE LEVELS OF COMMAND



Legion Commanders at all levels got in one pic when Nat'l Cmdr Collins visited Amsterdam, N.Y., recently. They are: Montgomery County Cmdr Wells, Dep't Cmdr Ryan, Nat'l Cmdr Collins, 4th District Cmdr Fratianni and Post 554 Cmdr Kapp.

COMRADES IN DISTRESS

Space does not permit notices to contact persons for any purpose except to assist in establishing a claim for a veteran or his dependents. Statement to that effect should accompany notice.

Army

- 29th Inf, Co F**—Need to contact Robert Steese or anyone who served with me at Camp Benning, Ga., in July 1921 when I bought my way out of the service. Write me, Jesse De-Tienne, Rich Hill, Mo.
- 26th Div., 104th Inf, Co E**—Anyone knowing of an injury, wound, or hospitalization of Pfc Harry F. Ligon contact Gordon B. Eubank, Asst Dep't Service Officer, South Hill, Va. Claim pending.
- Camp Fannin, Tex., 67th Bn, Co A**—Need to hear from someone who recalls that my left leg was injured while on maneuvers. On one occasion I was transported back to camp. This condition was not recorded. I am now totally disabled, and need help to establish claim. Write me, Oscar Davis, Jr., Rt. 1, Box 34, Sheridan, Ark.
- 3rd Div, 4th Inf, Co D**—Oct. 5, 1918, I was wounded near Nantiloise. In order to establish claim, I need to hear from anyone who recalls the incident. Especially need to hear from Sgt Tullis, Cpl Robert Chappel, George A. Markland. Write me, William A. Burrows, Howard's Place, Wheeling, W. Va.
- 508th MP Bn, Companies B & C**—In order to establish claim, need to hear from anyone who recalls Cpl James L. Thiele, who was stationed at Munich, Germany, 1950-52. Contact R. D. Fillman, Service Officer, Post 39, 907 DeKalb St., Norristown, Pa.
- 1565th Engr Depot Co**—Need to contact buddies who served with me in this outfit. Write me, Scott J. Barry, Route 1, Yuma, Tenn. Claim pending.
- 3118th Signal Service Group**—In order to establish claim, I need to hear from anyone who recalls the accident in which I received a fractured nose and ribs in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write me, Fritz Espinoza, 266 So. Yuma, Denver 23, Colo.
- 28th Div, 109th Inf**—July 16, 1918, I was captured at Chateau-Thierry. I was returned to Vichy Dec. 8, and sent to Hospital No. 19 and later transferred to Hospital No. 1. I enlisted at Scranton, Pa., July 18, 1917, in Co M, 13th Inf and served with this outfit at Camp Hancock, Augusta, Ga. Need to hear from anyone who remembers me. Write me, John Zoleski, 197 Beach 122 St., Rockaway Park, N.Y. Claim pending.
- Glenn Springs, Tex., 8th Cav, Troop D**—While serving with this outfit in 1918, I fell from a horse and injured my back. In order to establish claim, I need to hear from men who served with me. Write me, Sam J. Franco, 28 Woodbine St., Worcester 3, Mass.
- 595th Construction Engrs, 2nd Group, Dump Truck Co (Korea, Aug. 1953)**—I need to locate Cpl Bob Shoaf (of N. C. or S. C.) & Pvt Walters (of Calif.) who were with me when I injured my leg in the Monson area. Write me, Robert H. Kruckenberg, Box 325, Chester, Mont.
- 611th Tank Destroyer Bn, Co B**—Need to contact Capt Lanburger, Capt Fred C. Davis, or Lt Wheeler concerning the head injury I suffered at Camp Bowie, Tex., in 1943. Write me, Oscar S. Luckey, Gen. Del., La Belle, Fla. Claim pending.
- 88th Div, 313th Med Bn, Co D**—Need to hear from men who served with me at Camp Gruber, Okla., in Oct.-Nov. 1942, when I attended First Aid Classes in the barracks because I was unable to go out with the company. Write me, Royal D. Hollingsworth, P.O. Box 44, Perryville, Ark.
- 71st Div, 371st Med Bn, Hq**—In order to establish claim, need to hear from: Lt. Col Wm. F. Costellow (NE Air Command); Henry Wolfson (New York, N.Y.); Cpl Robert Ramm (Omaha, Nebr.); Sgt Jack Tombe (San Francisco, Calif.); Capt Richard Burgess (Omaha, Nebr.); Ralph E. May (Smethport, Pa.); DeForest E. Delano (Rumford, Maine); Herman Marto (Los Angeles, Calif.); Mac A. Jones; or anyone who remembers T/Sgt John J. Rehr, especially anyone who remembers him from the spring of 1945. Rehr is now hospitalized. His wife, who has 4 children, seeks help in establishing claim. Write her, Mrs. John J. Rehr, 261 W. Loather St., Carlisle, Pa.
- 9th Armored Div, 10th Tank Bn, Co A**—Need to contact anyone who served with this outfit in Germany, Apr. or May 1945. Write me, Charles T. Padgett, 1320 El Paso, Manhattan, Kans. Claim pending.
- 44th Div, 114th Inf, Cannon Co (1943)**—Need to hear from anyone who knows of my defective hearing, caused by boxing while in service. Especially need to hear from Jim Dryer and Don LeClair. Write me, Bill Newville, 701

- Lake Michigan Dr. N.W., Grand Rapids, Mich.
- Hospital 802, Redgreaves, Salisbury, England**—Need to hear from doctor and nurse who were in charge of the Isolation Ward. Write me, Michael La Mantia, 4535 N. Lincoln Ave., Chicago 25, Ill. Claim pending.
- Base Hospital No. 5, Menton, France**—In Mar. 1919, I had my picture taken with some of my buddies who were hospitalized with me (I had double pneumonia). In order to establish claim, I need to contact those who were in the picture with me, or who know of my hospitalization. I served from June 1918 to June 1919 with 88th Div, 313th Engrs, Co A. Write me, Payton Hurt, Post 277, The American Legion, Colcord, Okla.
- 1st Div, 1st Engr Reg't, Co B**—During the battle at Soissons, July 29, 1918, Hubert W. Williams suffered exposure to mustard gas. He now needs to contact anyone who was with him at that time. Write K. Klemmetson, Dep't Service Officer, 620 University St., Seattle 1, Wash. Claim pending.
- 505th AA, 3rd Bn, Hq Battery**—In order to establish claim, I (now totally disabled) need to hear from anyone who remembers my knee injury following the explosion of a B-17, Thursday, April 20, 1944, at Foggia, Italy. Write me, John A. Doviak, c/o Y.M.C.A., Passaic, N.J.
- 208th Inf**—In the spring of 1945, a truck hit me at Ladd Air Force Base, Alaska. In order to establish claim, I need to hear from anyone who recalls the accident. Write me David John Henry, Manley Hot Springs, Alaska.
- 419th Supply Train, 476th Motor Truck Co**—One afternoon in 1918, I was one of a group of men moving the company box of records to the train from Longiers, France, because we were to move that night. As we were taking the box off the truck, the handle came off the box; I fell onto the track, hurting my back and both wrists. I was put on the train and left there. I was supposed to have been accompanied by some of the men that night. In order to establish claim, I need to hear from someone who recalls these incidents. Write me, William Hathaway, 33 Andover Ave., So. Attleboro, Mass.
- 35th Div, 134th Inf, Cannon Co**—My back was injured in Calif.; and the injury bothered me throughout the European campaign. Need to hear from those who know about the injury and about the treatment I received in Europe. Especially need to hear from: Maj Mays; Morrison Price; Vaughn Gore. Write me, Dewernie R. Harris, Gen. Del., Sweetwater, Tex.
- 343rd Field Artillery**—In order to establish claim, need to hear from anyone who served with this outfit in Germany in Dec. 1944. Write James D. Gibbs, 224 W. 14th, Junction City, Kans.
- Camp 98, Sicily**—Need to contact anyone who was in this POW camp Dec. 1942-Jan. 1943. Write me, O. M. Frye, 120 Highland Ave., Bluefield, Va. Claim pending.
- Induction Center, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.**—In order to establish claim, need to contact 1st Lt Carl Epstein, a doctor, who was at this station in Apr. 1941. Write me, Wade Hockett, Stuart, Iowa.
- Fort Ord, Calif., Station Hospital**—In Oct. 1943, I suffered from high blood pressure. Need to hear from anyone on the hospital staff or from anyone who served with the 159th Inf who remembers my condition. I recall Mess Sgt George W. Battenberg and Asst Mess Sgt Fred L. McDonald. Write me, Melvin Christenson, Eleva, Wis. Claim pending.
- 28th Div, MP**—In order to establish claim, I need to contact Steve Radnick, Smitty, or anyone captured with me near Bastogne, or anyone who went on work detail at Naumburg. I worked at an air raid shelter on detached duty from Stalag 4F, In Feb. or Mar. 1945, I was hospitalized at the infirmary (while a POW) because of a stomach condition. Need to contact anyone who was in camp with me or anyone who recalls that I was hospitalized. Write me, Edward C. Chesney, 324 Fairmount Ave., Sunbury, Pa.
- 310th Field Artillery (WWI)**—In order to establish claim, I need to know the whereabouts of Joe Callahan. Write me, William J. Callahan, 3415 Sheridan Ave. No., Minneapolis 12, Minn.
- 17th Cav, Troop L**—In 1921, Pvt Harry F. Brunner served with this outfit at Schofield Barracks, Oahu, T.H. In WWI, while serving with 5th Div, 6th Inf, Co D, he had received a bullet wound in his right arm and right leg and two bullet holes through his stomach. He spoke of the little dog that stayed with him after he had been shot, and of how he was nearly completely covered and lay for hours until his buddies could come out after him. Brunner went from Hawaii to Hong Kong, China where he worked with the Chinese doctor in the sanitarium. In order to establish claim, his widow needs to hear from anyone who remembers her late husband. Write her, Mrs. Mahel Brunner, Granger, Wash.
- 259th Field Artillery Bn, Hq Battery**—In Nov. 1943, I was on a work detail at Fort Sill, Okla., when I was injured in an accident. Cpl Harrison Worthington, Jr., was Charge of Quarters at the time, and he helped me to the infirmary. His last known address was

(Continued on next page)

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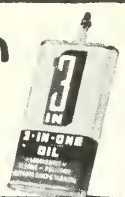


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COMRADES IN DISTRESS

(Continued)

Evansston, Ill. In order to establish claim, I need to learn his whereabouts. Write me, Robert H. Bray, 136 E. Green St., Nanticoke, Pa.

611th Tank Destroyer Bn—In order to establish claim, I need to hear from anyone who knew me at Camp Polk, La. Write me, **Albert Reed**, Newton, Ill.

814th Tank Destroyer Bn—I was hospitalized at Camp Polk, La., from Sept. through Dec. 1943. I was discharged Jan. 3, 1944, when the outfit went overseas. Need to hear from anyone who recalls me or my illness. I remember Lt. Prentice, Sgt. Krakoski (I am not certain that the names are spelled correctly), and a cook named Fletcher. Write me, **Frank T. Bartkoski**, Box 854, Wheaton, Mo.

Coral Gables, Fla., VA Hospital, Ward 618C—In order to establish claim, need to hear from patients who were in this ward during the period May 29-June 22, 1953, and who knew **Hugh Bernard Middleton**, a paraplegic suffering from a brain affliction. Write Mrs. Minna Lee Cunningham, 512 Riverview Blvd., Daytona Beach, Fla.

Camp Cañan, Calif., 56th AAA Training Bn, Battery A (Nov. 1943-Mar. 1944)—On or about Feb. 27, 1944, **Alexander S. Scott** was working on a wheel of a G.M.C. truck while mechanics and drivers were observing. Scott was in a sitting position when another truck rolled backward down the ramp and on to Scott's back, forcing his torso between his legs. He was pinned in that position with the weight of the truck supported by his back. Scott warned against moving the truck, but directed his release by jacking up the truck. When he was removed, an ambulance took him to the hospital. Most of the battalion was shipped out shortly after the accident. In order to establish claim, his widow needs to hear from anyone who recalls the incident. Write her, **Mrs. Hazel E. Scott**, 626 Coronado, Oxnard, Calif.

Navy

USS Brown (Oct. 1950-July 1951)—Need to hear from anyone who served with me during our bombardment of Wonsan, Korea, Apr. 1951. I was the gun captain of Mt. #42. Need to hear from those who know that I was injured and received treatment until I was transferred to the U.S., and who know that my gun was put out of action and its condition. My medical records were lost in the mail. Write me, **Stanley R. Simmons**, Box 183, R. 1, Swanton, Ohio.

USS Pickering—In order to establish claim, I need to hear from anyone who saw me fall down a ladder leading to the mess hall on the port side, while loading stores in Panama, May 1951. Especially need to hear from the two men who lifted 70 lbs. of beef off me. Particularly recall a man called Davis. Write me, (former Seaman 2c) **Kenneth Ray Copley**, General Delivery, Espanola, N. Mex.

USS Michigan—Need to contact Burns of Scranton, Pa., and McCabe of Bayonne, N.J., or anyone who recalls that I was injured Mar. 4, 1919. Write me (former Seaman 1c)—**Joseph Ulrich**, 459 Tayco St., Menasha, Wis. Claim

USS Merak—Need to contact anyone assigned to this ship in late 1945, who remembers my fall and back injury. Especially need to hear from A.D. Kirt, BM 2c, believed to have been from Oreg. Write me, **Alvin W. Bamberg**, Rt. 2, Brent, Ala. Claim pending.

Lyons Point, Advanced Naval Base, Tulagi, British Solomon Islands (Aug. 1943-1945)—Need to hear from anyone (especially doctors or pharmacist's mates who treated me) who knows of my having had fungus of the ears or of the body. Write me, **Fred J. Pinsdorf**, 306 1st Place, Bogota, N.J. Claim pending.

3rd Marine Div, 3rd Marine Reg't, Co B—In order to establish claim, need to hear from anyone who recalls that **Cpl Wallace A. Cook** was sent to the Hospital, 3rd Med Bn, on Guam, Feb.-Mar. 1945. I remember Dr. Shepherd of the 3rd Med Bn. Write me, **Wallace A. Cook**, Box 293, Hogsansville, Ga.

USS Sea Bass—Need to hear from anyone who recalls having seen **TJ Anthony Anderson** being thrown from his third tier bunk and injuring his head during a typhoon near Okinawa, Oct. 9, 1945, while on the way home. Write Mrs. Tynni Anderson, 420 Keller Ave., Waukegan, Ill. Claim pending.

YMS 425—In order to establish claim, I need to contact anyone who served aboard this vessel during the period 1944-Jan. 1946. I recall Pharmacist's Mate **Kenneth E. Watkins** and Seaman 1/c **L. L. Jones**; both lived in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1947. Write me (former Coxswain) **Mickey M. Delashaw**, 2111 N. Prospect, Oklahoma City 11, Okla.

USS Zaniah—Need to hear from anyone who served with **Wilbur L. Newberger** in 1944-45. Newberger, who is now hospitalized, entered the service Apr. 25, 1944, and was discharged

Dec. 23, 1945. Write Mrs. Wilbur L. Newberger, R.D. 4, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Yerha Buena Naval Training Station (Goat Island)

—Need to contact anyone who can recall the name of the Pharmacist's Mate 1/c who ran the Main Barracks Sick Bay in the fall of 1918, or anyone who knows someone who may recall. My records do not show that I was treated and was on the sick list for about half of 1918. Write me, **Bill Gianella**, Route 1, Box 409, Niles, Calif. Claim pending.

USS Black Hawk—While anchored at Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, stationed off U.S. Naval Base 18, Inverness, Scotland, I fell from hammock in the engineer force quarters at 1:30 a.m., June 20, 1919, and injured my hip. I was removed on a stretcher to sick bay where I remained for 3 weeks and was treated by Dr. H. W. Wellington and Dr. McDermott. I was then assigned, by Chief Engineer Turner, to janitorial duties in quarters. In order to establish claim, I need to contact men who saw me fall or who remember me. Especially need to hear from: C. Colson, Machinist's Mate 2/c (last known address Dayton, Ohio, 1935), who traveled with me to discharge at Brooklyn Navy Yard and then to Chicago; and Master at Arms DuPree. Write me, **Mons Anderson**, Box 102, Juneau, Alaska.

USS Sampson—Need to contact anyone who served with me on this ship in New Guinea in 1944. I was a right shell loader on a 5-inch gun, and was injured while serving on this ship. Write me, **Joseph Hummel**, 107 Baltimore St., Glendale, W. Va. Claim pending.

SS Burnett—In order to establish claim, need to hear from those who served with **Franklin C. Eberhard**, S 1/c. Eberhard served in the Navy, Dec. 1943-Dec. 1945, and was hospitalized aboard the Burnett. His wife (who has 2 sons) has photographs of some of her late husband's buddies whose names she does not know. One buddy, whose name she does know and from whom she needs to hear, is **Alvin H. Coy**, last known address Cincinnati, Ohio. Write Mrs. Iva Eberhard, R.I., Box 24, Climax, Mich.

S.R.U. Philadelphia Navy Yard—Need to hear from anyone who remembers my back trouble in the spring of 1944, especially from Doc Whitwood and Ted Mounts, of the 38 Shop. I was with the USS Zaniah Detail. Write me, **Robert C. (Red) Lance**, Post 64, The American Legion, Stowe, Vt. Claim pending.

2nd Marine Div, Amphibian Tractor Bn, Co C—Sgt Lester J. Fridley died at Camp Le Jeune, N.C., Aug. 18, 1952. In order to establish claim, his mother needs to hear from anyone who served with him. Write her, Mrs. Helen Patton, R. 6, Lima, Ohio.

THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS

APRIL 30, 1955

ASSETS

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 582,555.86
Receivables	211,243.03
Inventories	392,452.10
Invested Funds	1,457,970.57
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund	\$ 254,286.76
Employees' Retirement	
Trust Fund	1,860,483.15
Real Estate	973,972.65
Furniture and Fixtures,	
less Depreciation	239,615.10
Deferred Charges	89,890.61
	<u>\$6,062,469.83</u>

LIABILITIES, DEFERRED REVENUE
AND NET WORTH

Current Liabilities	\$ 364,996.11
Funds restricted as to use.....	26,878.47
Deferred Income	1,338,237.60
Permanent Trusts:	
Overseas Graves Decoration	
Trust Fund	\$ 254,286.76
Employees' Retirement	
Trust Fund	1,860,483.15
Net Worth:	
Restricted Capital:	
Reserve Fund	\$ 23,852.30
Restricted Fund	18,507.77
Reserve for construction	
Wash. Bldg.	28,752.18
Real Estate	973,972.65
Reserve for Rehabilitation	422,240.47
Reserve for Child Welfare	36,656.79
	<u>\$1,503,982.16</u>
Unrestricted Capital:	
Excess of Income	
Over Expense	713,605.58
	<u>2,217,587.74</u>
	<u>\$6,062,469.83</u>

Air

47th Mobile R & R Sqdn—In order to establish claim, the widow of **T/Sgt Albert L. Morris** needs to hear from men who served with her husband in England, France, and Germany during WW2. Especially needs to hear from 1st Lt. Wm. W. Case and Sgt. Sam A. Eyer; also needs to hear from Sgt. Robert L. Keene, T/Sgt Arthur Coughlin, M/Sgt John Buckingham, M/Sgt Donart, and T/Sgt Miller. Write her, Mrs. Albert L. Morris, Carroll, Iowa.

493rd Fighter Sqdn—In order to establish claim, I need to hear from anyone who remembers that my feet were frozen while serving with this outfit. I was with the 493rd in Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe. Write me, **Robert H. McDowell**, 1644 Beecher St., S.W., Atlanta, Ga. **Chanute Field, Ill. (WW2)—Wesley Doyle**, a glider pilot, served at this station during WW2. His last known address is 19303 Dequindre St., Detroit, Mich. Doyle is entitled to New York State benefits. Anyone knowing his whereabouts contact Clyde R. Pooler, Director, Essex County Vets Service Agency, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Thomasville, Ga., Air Base, 339th Sqdn—In 1945, I was sergeant in charge of the Shipping & Receiving Dep't in Air Corps Supply. About July, I fell from a truck while unloading it, and hurt my back. Nothing was done about it at the time. In order to establish claim, I need to hear from anyone who served with me or who knows about the incident. I recall: Sgt. Brown, S/Sgt Scott, Sgt. Sykes, Cpl. Schuler, Cpl. Tonley. Write me, **Emmitt L. Groene**, 3301 Mohawk, Houston 16, Tex.

OUTFIT
REUNIONS

To serve more units, this department is now published in a more condensed manner than formerly. Send notices to: Outfit Reunions, *The American Legion Magazine*, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Reunion will be held in month indicated. For particulars, write person whose address is given.

Army

1st Div—(Aug.) **Arthur L. Chaitt**, 5309 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia 44, Pa.

1st Med Reg't—(Aug.) **Donald Neville**, 4429 17th Ave. So., Minneapolis 7, Minn.

1st Special Service Force—(Aug.) **Eugene V. McCormick**, R.R. 7, Lafayette, Ind.

1st Inf, Service Co—(Sept.) **James W. McDonnell**, Laclede, Mo.

2nd Div Ass'n—(July) **2nd Div Ass'n**, P.O. Box 1450, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

2nd Engrs (AEF)—(Sept.) **L. C. Beaumont**, Gosport, Ind.

3rd FA Obsn Bn—(Sept.) **Walter T. Caldwell**, 2449 E. Livingston Ave., Columbus 9, Ohio.

3rd Signal Co—(July) **3rd Signal Co Reunion Committee**, 1926 Nat'l Bank Bldg., Detroit 26, Mich.

5th Div—(Sept.) **Walter J. Barnes**, 3733 N. Park Ave., Philadelphia 40, Pa.

6th Div—(Aug.) **H. A. Sauleen**, 5325 Hiawatha Ave., Minneapolis 17, Minn.

6th Engrs, Co E (WWI)—(Sept.) **Eric A. Scott**, R.R. 5, Box 105, Fort Wayne 8, Ind.

7th Div. (AEF)—(Aug.) **Clarence W. Best**, 1215 Tilghman St., Allentown, Pa.

7th Armored Div—(Aug.) **John Reeks**, 115 Werner Drive, New Orleans, La.

8th Armored Div Ass'n—(July) **Henry B. Rothenberg**, 134 N. La Salle St., Chicago 2, Ill.

9th Inf Div Ass'n—(July) **Stanley Cohen**, Box 428, Jersey City, N. J.

9th Prov Special Engr Detachment—(July) **Severino Stefanon**, P.O. Box 946, Harrisburg, Pa.

9th Evac Hosp (WWI)—(Sept.) **Harold P. King**, P.O. Box 186, Lincoln, Nebr.

10th Armored Div—(Sept.) **Paul Kosmas**, 26301 Hoffmeyer, Roseville, Mich.

11th Airborne Div—(Oct.) **Peter J. O'Regan**, P.O. Box 11, Times Square Station, New York 36, N. Y.

11th Armored Div—(Aug.) **Richard A. Davidson**, 18610 Ferguson, Detroit 35, Mich.

12th Armored Div—(Aug.) **William W. Hawkins**, 1086 Geneva Ave., Columbus 23, Ohio.

13th Evac Hosp (WWI)—(Sept.) **Leo J. Bellg**, 808 Ash St., Toledo 11, Ohio.

16th Armored Div—(Aug.) **Paul J. Cooney**, 5627 Washington Ave., Philadelphia 43, Pa.

21st Engrs Light Ry (WWI)—(Oct.) **J. H. Brooks**, 1217 Lake Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.

23rd Engrs, Co C (WWI)—(Oct.) **Steve Mullery**, 305 Riverside Dr., New York 25, N. Y.

27th Div—(Sept.) Lawrence Reagan, P.O. Box 1403, Albany, N. Y.
 27th Cav Recon Troop—(Sept.) Arnold Gates, 288 New Hyde Park Rd., Garden City, N. Y.
 28th Div—(July) Robert B. Muir, 604 Dean St., Scranton, Pa.
 29th Div Ass'n—(Sept.) Milton E. Groome, 1615 Rhode Island Ave., N.E., Washington, D. C.
 32nd Div—(Sept.) Harry Fillner, Stoddard Hotel, La Crosse, Wis.
 34th Div—(Sept.) 34th Div Ass'n, Argonne Armory, Des Moines, Iowa.
 35th Div—(Sept.) Mahlon S. Weed, P.O. Box 1001, Kansas City, Kans.
 37th Div—(Sept.) Jack R. McGuire, Room 1101, 21 W. Broad St., Columbus 15, Ohio.
 41st Div—(July) Robert Keller, 175 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Ill.
 45th Div—(Oct.) Joseph C. Cherry, Jr., 2803 N. Boston Place, Tulsa, Okla.
 51st Pioneer Inf (WWI)—(Sept.) Otto Rauch, 186 Adams St., Delmar, N. Y.
 54th Pioneer Inf, Minn. Chapter—(Sept.) Elias C. Streeter, 3226 E. 25th St., Minneapolis 6, Minn.
 55th FA Bn (WW2)—(July) W. H. Taylor, 1404 Regina St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 63rd Div—(July) Robert Capasso, 10 Brook Ave., Roxbury, Boston, Mass.
 68th CAC, Battery B (WWI)—(Oct.) Ben. H. Holman, 530 W. Peru St., Princeton, Ill.
 71st CA, Battery H, & 384th AAA (AW), Battery D—(Aug.) Glenn Baker, South Mountain, Pa.
 71st Co Ry Trans Corps (WWI) (Sept.) W. H. Hawk, R.D. 2, Halifax, Pa.
 77th Div—(Oct.) James A. Lynch, 77th Div Club House, 28 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.
 78th Div Vets Ass'n—(July) John E. Ghegan, 697 President St., Brooklyn 15, N. Y.
 80th Div Vets Ass'n—(Aug.) Thomas A. Welch, 23 W. Ohio St., Indianapolis 4, Ind.
 85th Chem Mortar Bn—(Aug.) Ray Seemiller, 119 Ravilla St., Pittsburgh 10, Pa.
 88th Div—(Aug.) Carl A. Johnson, 69 Devoe Ave., Tonkers 5, N. Y.
 88th Engr Hvy Pn Bn, Co A—(Aug.) Ray B. Pence, 645 E. Chestnut St., Lancaster, Ohio.
 90th Div—(Nov.) Milton Sears, Cimarron, Kans.
 91st Div—(Sept.) Archie Walker, Drawer 2219, Seattle 11, Wash.
 91st Chemical Mortar Bn—(Sept.) P. J. Hennessey, 5501 Whitby Ave., Philadelphia 43, Pa.
 92nd Div—(Aug.) Jesse L. Carter, 6223 1/2 Indiana Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.
 101st Airborne Div—(Sept.) Leo B. Connor, 1529 18th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C.
 104th Div—(Sept.) Roger Levy, 885 West End Ave., New York 25, N. Y.
 113th Engrs—(Sept.) Charles M. Beal, 321 S. Main St., Tipton, Ind.
 113th & 131st Engr-AGF Bandsmen—(Aug.) Donald E. Johns, P.O. Box 154, Hillsboro, Ind.
 139th Inf, Co L (WWI)—(Nov.) Elmer M. Holt, 619 North A St., Wellington, Kans.
 140th Inf, Co B (WWI)—(Aug.) Will Short, 825 Locust St., Boonville, Mo.
 145th Inf, Co E—(July) David Boughter, 37 E. 8th St., Ashland, Ohio.
 161st Inf, Co E—(Oct.) Thorkel M. Haaland, 513 State St., Pullman, Wash.
 205th Engrs, Co B—(Sept.) Glenn Slining, Belmond, Iowa.
 224th Airborne Med Co—(Aug.) Ed Zimmerman, 40 Upmanor Rd., Baltimore 29, Md.
 229th Signal Opn Co—(Sept.) Robert E. Smith, 2515 Groveswood Ave., Parma 29, Ohio.
 257th FA Bn—(Aug.) Albert Walz, Jr., 1115 Adams St., Lapeer, Mich.
 264th CA, Batteries A, B, Hq—(Aug.) Harold Ehinger, R.R. 2, New Haven, Ind.
 272nd Inf, Co D—(Sept.) Nick J. Etze, 511 Washington St., Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
 273rd FA Bn (WW2)—(Aug.) F. E. Kelley, 313 N. 6th St., Hannibal, Mo.
 302nd Inf, Co L Ass'n—(Sept.) Charles Misner, 333 Knox St., Westerville, Ohio.
 309th Ammunition Train—(Sept.) H. E. Stearley, 444 N. Sycamore, Brazil, Ind.
 309th Engrs & Ladies' Aux—(Aug.) George Stoner, 750 N. High St., Columbus 8, Ohio.
 313th Machine Gun Bn—(Sept.) LeRoy E. Welk, 1921 Peach St., Erie, Pa.
 314th Inf (AEF)—(Sept.) Albert S. Dawson, 460 Monastery Ave., Philadelphia 28, Pa.
 315th Inf (WW2)—(Sept.) Harry (Pop) McGivern, 1410 Liverpool St., Pittsburgh 33, Pa.
 316th Inf—(Sept-Oct.) Raymond A. Cullen, Sr., P.O. Box 1303, Philadelphia 15, Pa.
 319th Field Signal Bn (WW1)—(Sept.) J. W. Robe, 605 S. River St., Newcomerstown, Ohio.
 319th Inf, Co I (WW1)—(Aug.) R. H. Adams, 369 North St., Springdale, Pa.
 332nd Inf—(Sept.) Ollie J. Haag, 771 Chalker St., Akron, Ohio.
 332nd Field Remount Sqn (WW1)—(Sept.) Charley Pea, Rushville, Ind.
 337th Engrs & 1338th Engr (C) Group—(Aug.) Wm. A. Sturm, 108 Outlet Rd., Fairmont, W. Va.
 341st Inf, 3rd Bn—(Sept.) James B. Dickerson, 1049 Park Ave., Paducah, Ky.
 349th Inf, Co H—(Aug.) Wm. I. McConnell, P.O. Box 142, Seymour, Iowa.
 351st Inf, Machine Gun Co (WW1)—(Sept.) Henry J. Reinders, Mallard, Iowa.
 353rd Inf (WW1)—(Sept.) John C. Hughes, 829 East Ave. B, Hutchinson, Kans.
 367th Harbor Craft Co—(Sept.) Richard E. Longwill, 531 Oak St., Indiana, Pa.

384th AAA (AW), Battery D, & 71st CA, Battery H—(Aug.) Glenn Baker, South Mountain, Pa.
 389th FA Bn, Battery C—(Oct.) G. M. Goetze, Charlottesville Rd., Newfane, N. Y.
 430th Engr Constr Bn, Co A (Korea)—(July) Hilmer E. Boo, 29 McKinley Ave., Steger, Ill.
 435th Signal Bn—(Aug.) F. C. Crozier, 3301 Seminole Ave., Cranston Heights, Wilmington 8, Del.
 489th Port Co—(July) Robert Lovekamp, Box 47, Bluffs, Ill.
 513th Parachute Inf, Co I—(Sept.) Dean C. Swem, 402 Main St., Buchanan, Mich.
 532nd Amphib Reg't, Co F—(Aug.) Donald E. Phillips, Callender, Iowa.
 566th QM RHD Co—(July) Jimmie Lawver, Box 3, Stone Creek, Ohio.
 605th OBAM Bn (302nd Ord Reg't, 2nd Bn)—(Sept.) H. R. Hunt, Box 881, Bristol, Va.
 636th TD Bn—(Aug.) Paul Giesselmann, Arlington, Nebr.
 644th TD Bn—(July) Joe Singer, 2347 Morris Ave., Bronx, N. Y.
 713th Ry Operating Bn—(Aug.) Wm. E. Cobble, Jr., 2427 Shenandoah N.E., Atlanta, Ga.
 749th Ry Operating Bn—(Aug.) Don Gothard, 84 Dana Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
 757th Engr PS Co—(Aug.) Fred Rinker, 1720 E. 21st St., Cleveland 14, Ohio.
 893rd TD Bn—(Sept.) Russell M. Reedy, Gambrills, Md.
 1332nd SU, Hq Co, WAC Detachment—(Sept.) Lula Methvin, 2330 W. Roosevelt Dr., Milwaukee 9, Wis.
 1338th Engr (C) Group & 337th Engrs—(Aug.) Wm. A. Sturm, 108 Outlet Rd., Fairmont, W. Va.
 2511th WAC Co—(Aug.) Laura Coon, 318 N. Oxford St., Arlington, Va.
 3459th Ord MAM Co—(Aug.) John C. Floyd, R.D. 2, Box 110, Aliquippa, Pa.
 3791st QM Truck Co—(Aug.) Joe Clancy, P.O. Box 267, Angola, Ind.
 Airborne Ass'n—(July) Airborne Ass'n, P.O. Box 5, Fort Bragg, N. C.
 American Ex-Prisoners of War—(July) Otto C. Schwarz, 53 Pine Grove Terr., Newark 6, N. J.
 American RR Transport Corps—(Oct.) G. J. Murray, 417 Vine St., Scranton, Pa.
 CBI Vets Ass'n—(Aug.) CBI Vets Ass'n, Box 1765, St. Louis 1, Mo.
 Military Railway Service Vets—(Sept.) Fred W. Okie, P. O. Box 536, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.
 Ranger Battalions—(Aug.) John C. Hodgson, 1726 Dublin Dr., Silver Spring, Md.

Navy

1st Beach Battalion—(July) Charles F. Spraw, 311 E. Marble St., Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 3rd Special Seabees—(July) Cy "Rosy" Caruso, 537 Grove Ave., New Orleans 23, La.
 15th Marines, Battery E—(Aug.) John Contos, 218 Wall St., Syracuse 4, N. Y.
 MAG-25—(Sept.) Robert J. Beggane, 274 Maynard Dr., Buffalo 21, N. Y.
 35th Seabees—(Sept.) Herbert P. Vogel, 10 Park Ave., Methuen, Mass.
 42nd Seabees—(Oct.) Tom Hogan, 77 Vincent Rd., Hicksville, N. Y.
 60th Seabees—(Sept.) Mrs. Wm. Meltzer, R.D. 2, Alliance, Ohio.
 75th Seabees—(Aug.) Fred Smith, 920 Kingdom Ave., Danville, Ill.
 93rd Seabees—(Sept.) Darle Christy, 715 W. 36th St., Kansas City 11, Mo.
 PC 470—(July) James W. Zink, 4305 Berwick Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
 Central Mo. State College V-12 Unit (trainees & ship's company)—(Aug.) Irvin L. Peters, Central Mo. State College, Warrensburg, Mo.
 USS Enterprise (ship's company & air groups)—(Sept.) Bob Flagg, 2005 Snyder Ave., Canton, Ohio.
 USS Nevada—(Aug.) W. E. Larsen, 4246 Campbell Dr., Los Angeles 66, Calif.
 USS Owen (WW2)—(Sept.) Henry Zwick, 3919 N. Ravenswood, Chicago 13, Ill.
 USS Thomas Jefferson—(July) Clifford Phelan, 25 Summit Ave., Lexington, Mass.
 Seabee Vets of America—(Aug.) N. P. Sercombe, 516 N. Milwaukee St., Jackson, Mich.
 Nat'l Waves Remmon (Waves & Yeomanettes)—(July) Mary Malone, 893 N.E. 82nd St., Miami 38, Fla.

Air

14th Air Force—(Aug.) B. C. Freeman, 216 S. 4th St., Steubenville, Ohio.
 22nd Bomb Group—(Aug.) Walt Gaylor, 338 Rahway Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.
 50th Troop Carrier Sqn (WW2)—(Sept.) Paul Funderburg, Rte. 5, Columbus, Ohio.
 142nd Aero Sqn (WW1)—(Aug.) T. C. Morris, 305 N. Main St., Tusculumbia, Ala.
 376th Bomb Group (H)—(Aug.) Wiley L. Golden, 371 Probasco Ave., Cincinnati 20, Ohio.
 390th Signal Co (Avn) (WW2)—(Sept.) Harry W. Aivalotis, 1830 Anderson Blvd., East Liverpool, Ohio.
 507th Fighter Group—(Sept.) Ray Stoddard, 5 S. Maple Ave., Avoca, N. Y.
 646th Bomb Sqn—(Aug.) Tony Melenick, 3672 E. 106th St., Cleveland 5, Ohio.
 835th Engr Avn Bn (WW2)—(July) Charles Hare, 77 Wilder Terrace, Rochester 12, N. Y.
 Rich Field, Waco, Tex. (WW1) Vets—(Aug.) Wm. E. Beigel, 312 Northcrest Dr., Kansas City 16, Mo.

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WHAT IS AN AMATEUR?

(Continued from page 23)

my country." The same day, on the other side of the world, Australia's John Landy, whose 3:58 for the mile is still the world record, remarked that his days of competition were ending too. He will be a school teacher, and obviously no school board could permit him to give priority of time and effort to running. These men, two of the finest athletes of the English-speaking world, emphasize the truism that supremacy at any sport is a full-time job, with no margin left to earn a living.

Jim Thorpe, of the Carlisle Indians, was the victim of one of the earliest and biggest bloopers over the amateur rule. Jim went to the 1912 Olympics at Stockholm and dazzled the world by the ease with which he won the pentathlon and the decathlon. King Gustaf presented him with a special trophy, remarking: "You, sir, are the greatest athlete in the world." "Thanks, King," said Jim. Subsequently someone discovered that Jim had played semipro baseball a few years before. Although baseball had no part in the Olympics, it was decided that once a man had engaged in any sport for money, he was thenceforth and forever a full-fledged professional at all sports. Jim's medals and trophies were taken from him, and his Olympic records stricken from the books.

We Americans have borrowed many of our finest institutions and traditions from England, but we got no bargain when we took over the English concept of sports. Their historic pattern had simplicity, but no other virtue. Only a gentleman could be an amateur. By "gentleman" they did not

mean a polite guy, but someone who had never worked with his hands. Back in 1920 America's John B. Kelly, twice National Amateur single sculls champion, tried to enter England's Diamond Sculls event at Henley, the most coveted of all rowing trophies. The Henley Committee refused to let him compete, because he had once "worked with his hands" and was therefore not a "gentleman." (He had been a bricklayer during a summer vacation while he was a student at the University of Pennsylvania.) Kelly went on to the Olympics, beat the Henley winner badly, and gleefully sent his sweaty rowing cap of Kelly green to King George V. Kelly got his revenge, as a good Irishman should. He raised a son, John B. Jr., who visited Henley a generation later (with unsullied hands) and copped the title.

A stink was raised about Jim Ten Eyck, too, when he went to Henley. Not that he had ever been a laborer. But his father (Ed Ten Eyck, famous crew coach at Syracuse) was a pro! The authorities finally decided not to visit the sins of the father on the son, and they let Jim row. He won going away. Abe Mitchell, the famous British golfer, never had a chance to play as an amateur. He had been a gardener, so he was automatically a pro when he took up golf, whether he played for money or not.

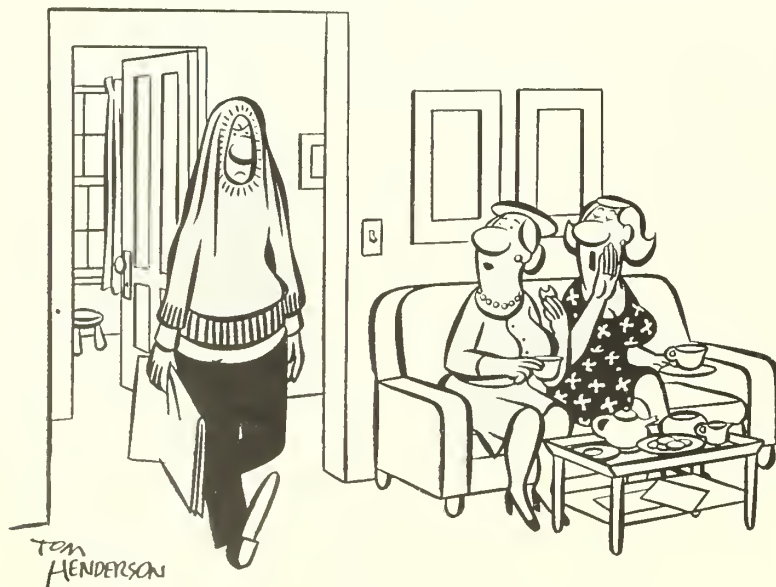
Although this caste system has been somewhat relaxed in recent years, English cricket players are still classed in two groups—"Players," who are professionals, and "Gentlemen," who are amateurs. In this country we still post

the name of an amateur rider in a horse race with the proud title of "Mr." in front, while the pros are disdainfully listed by their last names alone. For a neat switch on this attitude, an amateur boxer recently was denied a license as a professional by the New York Athletic Commission. Little matter of an unappetizing police record. He wasn't polite enough nor moral enough to qualify as a pro fighter—a profession which is no open sesame to the Social Register—but he was acceptable in the gentlemanly guise of "amateur."

It is customary all over the world to pay the expenses of top amateur athletes. Our best tennis players travel widely year-round, most of them with no important outside income. Expense accounts are generous—they have to be. A lot of athletes have nominal jobs back home, but they can't work seriously at them and stay at the top in their chosen sport. Some players—like Sidney Wood, the laundryman; Frank Shields, the insurance broker; Ted Schroeder in the refrigerator business; Frank Hunter in the liquor business; and Cliff Surter in advertising, are highly successful businessmen, but usually not until they have given up top-flight competition. Tournament tennis amateurs don't get much chance to accumulate capital, like the pros, but they see a lot of the world and live extremely well as long as their reflexes remain fast and their backhands accurate. But is it fair or consistent to call the tennis champion an amateur and a trapshooter, say, a professional when the trapshooter pays his own way, and can reduce his expenses only by winning a few bucks in prizes? Or to let an amateur bowler win a money purse and deny a pole vaulter an unsolicited automobile?

Then there are the "professional amateurs" who make a career of sport. For years Frank Stranahan played golf as an amateur against pros, year-round, and under the same competitive pressure as the pros. Doing nothing except play golf, Frank was a pro in everything except profit. To his great credit, he himself came to the conclusion that he had an unfair advantage in amateur tournaments against men who could afford to play only after business hours, and he finally turned pro himself. The National Amateur Golf Championship has now become little more than a farm system for the Professional Golfers Association. As fast as a man wins it, he turns pro. This is only sensible. If a man is going to make a career of a sport, why shouldn't he get paid, particularly if the money is in glamorous amounts?

Sid Wood, President of the Tennis Players' League, has made a candid re-



"We're not speaking."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

port on that segment of the tennis world known as "tennis bums," who exist on handouts from tournament sponsors. He properly damns the sponsors and the officials who condone these practices, as well as he does the players, for the resultant sham. There's some real fancy finagling here, with expenses above the supposed \$15-a-day maximum paid to some of the really outstanding stars, occasionally on the basis of kickbacks from the less famous players. Gardner Mulloy, our fifth ranking tennis player, has been temporarily barred from all United States Lawn Tennis Association tournaments because of "acting in a manner detrimental to the game" in managing a tournament in the South—a mix-up having to do with the amount of expense money paid to players.

The idea of the "professional" rule should be to prevent competition between full-time athletes and part-time athletes, which obviously is unfair whether the participants are paid or not. Yet in big time amateur sports, competition is so stiff that few men can reach the top, or stay there, unless they devote practically all their time to it. Such men are superbly conditioned athletes as well as men with the right reflexes, intelligence, durability, and competitive instinct. An untrained opponent has little chance.

The overwhelming pressure on championship athletes produced a wonderful rhubarb at the Davis Cup matches in Australia last December, pointing up again that the pressure of championship sport can destroy the key phrase in the classic definition of the amateur—"one who engages in sport solely for the pleasure." The Australians work under a pressure training system which has produced sensational results. The formula is a simple one: live only for tennis.

This year, Lew Hoad, the 20-year-old Australian sensation, went all to pieces. Playing against the American, Tony Trabert, Hoad served up eight double faults, foot faulted three times on the first day, and generally put on a dispirited performance. Hoad was disarmingly frank in his subsequent press conference. "I was just fed up," he said. "I did not care whether I won or not. I'm just tired of tennis and I get so I do not give a hang." Take Willie Mays. He's a pro, but his complete devotion to baseball is celebrated in sporting circles. Yet when he put a tough winter season in Puerto Rico on top of the regular season, it was just too much ball, even for Willie. "I guess you can get tired of anything," he said. "I'm tired of playing ball. I wouldn't even play stickball."

The Amateur Trapshooting Association lets amateurs shoot for money

prizes, but calls an employee of a sporting arms company a pro. The U. S. Lawn Tennis Association takes exactly the opposite tack. It will not permit its amateurs to play for money stakes, but will permit sporting goods companies to put ranking players on their payrolls. The U.S.L.T.A. permits faculty members of schools and colleges to give tennis instruction and allows undergraduates to teach tennis at summer camps and clubs as long as their remuneration is on a total contract and not a per-lesson or per-hour basis. Most other coaches or instructors automatically become pros, even when coaching is only part of their jobs.

It's an open secret that dozens of college baseball stars play semi-pro ball in the summer without losing their amateur status, because everyone looks the other way. Golf caddies automatically become pros after a certain age. Then how about summer lifeguards? Should they be declared ineligible for amateur swimming? It would be as logical as the present rule on caddies. What about some modification of the "once a pro, always a pro" rule? And the heart-breaking rule that punished Jim Thorpe in the Olympics—if you're a pro in one sport, you're a pro in all?

For some really dizzy rules on amateurism and professionalism, take a look at shooting. As I mentioned, in the big trapshooting events the amateurs get the money, while the professionals shoot for glory. The "professional," any man who makes his regular living in the sporting arms industry, can revert to amateur status six months after he discontinues that employment. Thus, Rudy Etchen competed as a professional (and very successfully, too) at the 1950 Grand American Handicap, because he was on Remington's sales staff. Today he ranks as an amateur, since he left Remington when he bought an auto court at Sun Valley, Idaho.

Skeet shooters for many years abhorred money—at least as conventional shooting prizes. Envious people have sometimes suggested that the Texans, who for a time seemed to dominate skeet, have so much of the green stuff that mere money rewards would be no incentive to try hard. But a few years ago, the money "Sweepstake" idea began to penetrate skeet on much the same model as the "optionals" in trapshooting. These are open only to amateurs. A "pro" in skeet is anyone who works in the sporting arms industry. He regains his amateur standing immediately if he quits his job.

Pistol shooters occasionally compete for money, but there is remarkably small emphasis on the pesos. With rifle fans, money shooting is the rule rather than the exception in New England and the Middle Atlantic States, but is rare

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in the rest of the country. There is no such thing as a "professional" in rifle and pistol shooting, and feeble efforts to establish a rule of professionalism have always been put down. The top amateurs are not the least bit afraid of the "professionals" (though professional competition is a little hard on the rank-and-file shooter). Rifle and pistol shooters who aspire to the Olympics must, of course, abstain from competition for money, and money prizes are no longer offered at the National Rifle and Pistol matches at Camp Perry, Ohio.

The only major complication in the distinction between amateurs and professionals in trapshooting has been the refusal of the American Olympic Committee to accept the rules as established by the Amateur Trapshooting Association. American trapshooters as a group are far superior to those of any other nation. Yet I don't know of any top trapshooter who hasn't accepted prize money at some time during his career. This makes him ineligible in the eyes of the American Olympic Committee. At the last Olympics, Joe Devers, one of our top trapshooters, was already in Europe and anxious to compete, but there was no way to qualify him.

Curiously, the high gun at the Olympics was a Canadian, George Genereux, who had previously competed in the U. S. and won sizable purses. The Canadians found no difficulty in qualifying him. European shooters are not loath to shoot for dough. Almost \$50,000 was distributed in purses at the big Flyer shoot at Cairo, Egypt, this winter, with over \$14,000 for a single event. These are amateurs! One solution which has been proposed would permit our Olympic rulemakers to consider as an amateur any shooter whose winnings are less in a given year than his expendi-

tures in pursuing his sport. This would open the Olympic doors to many expert shots.

Hockey makes a weird case history in the record of amateurism and professionalism. If an amateur player has any promise, he becomes the *exclusive* property of the professional National Hockey League club which first announces to league headquarters that it proposes to bargain with him. If he rejects the club's offer, he can't play for any other NHL team.

Up in Canada, where most of the good players come from, amateur hockey is a money-making proposition. The amateur teams serve as a farm system for the pro league, with players receiving a generous "expense account." A player becomes a pro when he is picked up by a pro team, and can regain amateur status when he is sent back, even if he has been a pro for 10 years. A lot of people were startled a year ago when a Russian hockey team beat the Canadian team in Europe. This defeat in Canada's own national sport resulted from the widespread popularity of the dollar. The Canadians generally have sent their poorest money maker among their amateur teams to Europe. This would naturally be their weakest team. In 1955, the Canadians went back with a crack team—at least one of whom had been a professional with the New York Rangers—and beat the Russians 5 to 0.

The World Ski Federation has recently joined the ranks of those who can schuss down both sides of a fence without discomfort. A money-grubbing pro can become a simon-pure amateur overnight. Any professional can become an amateur (and eligible for the Olympics) if he stops teaching 90 days before the games, if he teaches elementary rather than racing skiing, if he

"capitalizes under no circumstances on his athletic fame," and if his teaching is incidental to his main vocation. This body of rules is going to provide a nightmare of eligibility wrangles, because the last three rules are interpretive ones, with violations almost impossible to prove.

We have seen the amateur sports receive some heavy blows in recent years. Pro golf today attracts more attention than amateur; pro football and basketball are competing hectically with amateur events for headlines, TV rights, and spectators; our best tennis players and ice skaters are deserting amateur ranks. One reason for all this may be the ridiculously stringent rules established by the governing bodies of our leading amateur sports. Another may be their erratic enforcement of these rules. Another reason, too, is that the social penalty attached to an amateur for turning professional years ago, has almost disappeared.

Purists in the athletic associations have been broadening the scope of the amateur rules to the point where they are too loose to enforce, besides being highly discriminatory. Why *not* let a famous athlete make a TV appearance or endorse a product for dough, or accept a car on a give-away program, like ordinary mortals? Narrow the designation of a professional, instead of broadening it, till we reach the simpler definitions—the guys who get a direct share of the gate or a big money purse. If in order to do this we have to take control of the athletic associations away from the fuddy-duddies who are trying to impose an upper class, aristocratic, sports ideal on a middle class, democratic world, then let's do that. This may call for some pretty fine legalistic distinctions, but so does the present system, which even the Supreme Court can't seem to clarify. The present system imposes an insufferable economic burden on the star amateur athlete. It demands so much of his time that he can't pursue normal gainful employment, yet it ostensibly would prevent him from compensating for this handicap by some mild exploitation of his fame.

Anyway, let's hope the U. S. Olympic Committee doesn't get to feeling even holier than the Supreme Court when it chooses its team for the next Olympics. And let's give thanks that there are still a few surviving examples of the true ideal of amateur sportsmanship, like the golf player who refused to profit from an error in scorekeeping, taking a six instead of a five on one hole when it meant a tie instead of a win for an important tournament; and the football player who called a foul on his own team which the referee had missed, even though the foul nullified a touchdown.

THE END



"You overcoming your fear of the water?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

PUBLIC HEALTH DISGRACE NO. 1

(Continued from page 19)

Memphis vaccinated when the 1948 outbreak got to the point where 56 people were undergoing Pasteur treatment in a single month. Denver's crisis came in 1950. St. Louis, in 1951, when a peak of 79 rabid dogs a month were being reported. Chicago made rabies news last year, and Houston, one of the worst sore spots for rabies in the country, dramatically rounded up 45,000 dogs and immunized them in four days last fall, reducing a menace which

really present. By now, the police and the public health office are trying to find all the exposed dogs, and they have all sorts of clues to run down. Someone knows for sure that the dog who started it was a foreigner brought in from a neighboring State by car—"tourist dogs" rabies control officers call them. Another frequent story concerns a woman who took her sick dog to the vet but refused to leave it there for observation. On her way home, the dog shook off

IF YOU ARE BITTEN BY A DOG

By Dr. James H. Steele, Public Health Veterinarian, Communicable Disease Center, Public Health Service, Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Health officers all over the United States are trying to eliminate rabies from the country, but until we can get and keep our dogs vaccinated, the possibility of rabies must be considered with every dog bite.

If you or your dog are bitten, you should:

1. Wash the wound thoroughly with soap and water at once. Rabies cannot be transmitted unless the infected saliva becomes established in the bite wound.
2. Confine the biting dog so that he is available for observation. If he is a stray or is acting strangely, try to get the dog pound to handle him.
3. Report the bite immediately to your doctor or veterinarian who must notify the dog control authorities. If you cannot reach a doctor right away, call your local health department.

Teach children not to pet strange dogs and keep away from dogs when they are sick.

Remember that your dog is in greater danger of contracting rabies than your family is. In order to deserve your dog's loyalty, you should:

1. Consult a veterinarian on the best way to protect your dog by vaccination. Be sure to bring him back for revaccination at the time the veterinarian advises.
2. If your dog seems sick, or has been in contact with a dog suspected of rabies, take him to the veterinarian. Suspect rabies when a dog is dull or uneasy in behavior, when his bark changes tone, when thick saliva collects on his mouth, when he tries to eat wood, earth, or clothing. A dog doesn't have to look or act "mad" to have rabies. The "dumb" type of rabies in which a dog slinks away and dies in a paralytic coma in some instances may be more dangerous than the "furious" type, in which he attacks everything in his path, because the individual does not realize the animal is rabid.
3. Keep your pet away from stray dogs or wild animals who may attack him. Keep him off the street if rabies is reported in your town.

had been claiming several human lives a year. Washington, D. C., Spokane, Buffalo, Ithaca, Mobile and Atlanta have been through the mill.

With a little poetic license, it's possible to tell the story of these and scores of other rabies scares with a single tale:

Rabies has been absent so long that no one worries about it. Then one day, a strange dog attacks a child on her way home from school. A neighborhood chase is set up, and the culprit is finally apprehended after it has engaged in a couple of unfriendly transactions with other dogs in its path. If cool heads prevail, the dog is caught and held until he shows signs of illness. But all too often an apprehensive policeman or an irate parent shoots the dog through the head, making it impossible to examine the brain under a microscope in order to be sure that rabies is

his leash and disappeared on a mad career.

Parents warn their children off the streets. Authorities responsible for investigating cases of exposure have to explain that you can't get rabies by walking down a path taken by a suspicious dog. One woman hysterically begged for Pasteur treatment because she had pricked her finger mending an apron she later discovered had touched a mad dog. Alarmed authorities screen out only the most improbable exposures, and since rabies is about, most of the dog bites in the community result in Pasteur treatments.

The pound fills up with animals under observation, and the laboratory technicians who examine dog heads are glued to their microscopes. Slowly the number of proven infected dogs rises. Ordinances requiring all dogs on the streets

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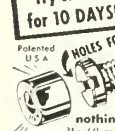
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THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
RETAIL ADVISORY COUNCIL

to be leashed are dusted off, and an emergency quarantine barring all dogs from the street is passed. If necessary, police are given orders to shoot stray dogs on sight, and rifle squads are recruited for the grim dog hunt. Dog owners have been known to shoot back. Responsible dog owners take their pets to be vaccinated, but they only dent the rising toll. The federal Communicable Disease Center advises mass vaccination, but if there is no permissive State legislation and no time to pass it, the authorities launch a voluntary mass dog roundup.

It's an emergency, and everyone wants to help. The local veterinary society offers its services, with or without pay, to vaccinate all dogs at clinics set up in firehouses, churches, schools, police stations. Women's clubs and service organizations volunteer to do the paper work. Vaccine is flown in from the manufacturers. A day or two days or three days are set for the big push, and the newspapers, radio stations, and schools impress on everyone the time and place where a dog can be protected. Sometimes loudspeaker trucks patrol residential sections with the word.

The dogs and their owners line up at the improvised stations, and press photographers picture the pooches, big and little, scrub and purebred, waiting their turn at the needle. Next day, the papers pat everyone on the back and record a resounding total of thousands of dogs protected. The number of rabid dogs reported dips, then dwindles rapidly after the 30-day period required for the vaccination to "take."

Tired public officials thank heaven that there have been few or no human deaths and prepare an ordinance requiring vaccination of all dogs every year

with the money and teeth to enforce it. After the Denver outbreak, public health officials took the pound over from the police who never really wanted it, converted the dog catcher into a uniformed rabies control officer, replaced an unenforceable dog-licensing system with a law requiring every dog to wear a vaccination tag of the current year or risk impounding. The next year, Denver put on an intensive get-your-dog-revaccinated campaign which boosted the percentage of protected animals to a record high of 85 per cent.

Unfortunately, most communities are only too glad to forget about rabies once the threat has been declared licked. Conscientious dog owners vaccinate on their own. Veterinarians strongly urge vaccination on their clients, but most people reason that they don't need to do anything about their dogs because there is no rabies around. Meanwhile, the number of vulnerable dogs rises to the point where there is no barrier of immunity to cushion the rampage of another "tourist dog" from an infected area.

The ideal weapon, of course, would be a vaccine which would protect a dog for life. We could then get rid of rabies by vaccinating almost all the dogs in the country in one big push, and keep it out by vaccinating the new puppies just as we keep smallpox out by vaccinating children.

As a step in that direction, we now have such a longer-lasting vaccine. Six years ago, Drs. Herald Rea Cox and Hilary Koprowski of Lederle Laboratories Division, American Cyanamid Company, obtained a strain of rabies virus from Dr. Harald N. Johnson of the Rockefeller Institute and succeeded in growing it in eggs. After many pas-

sages from egg to egg, the virus was modified so that it could produce antibodies when injected in a dog without harming the dog. Careful check of more than 200,000 dogs inoculated with the new modified virus vaccine in New York State indicates, as a matter of fact, that only three dogs suffered from the shots, instead of the 40 which could have been expected on the basis of past experience with the killed virus vaccine. But the important thing is that we now have proof that the new egg vaccine protects dogs against rabies for at least 39 months, a sizable stretch in the average dog's life of five years.

In 1951, the World Health Organization chose Israel as a test country to see whether the "big push" technique would work. Although the Israeli government was effectively picking up strays among its relatively small (30,000) dog population, nine human beings had died and more than 2,000 had been forced to take the Pasteur treatment in 1949. Systematic vaccination of nearly 90 per cent of the dogs in the country with the long-lasting egg vaccine eliminated human cases and cut the incidence of rabies in dogs from 80 in 1949, to three along the border in 1953. Results of a similar push in Malaya are even more striking. When 42 people died of rabies in the single month of August, 1952, the new vaccination was started and followed up in January, 1953, by an intensive federally sponsored drive until few dogs escaped vaccination or destruction as strays. There hasn't been a single case of rabies in that previously rabies-ridden country since.

The American record is not so good. Only five per cent of our 3,090 counties have rabies control programs which Dr. Steele feels are really good enough to stop a rabies outbreak before it starts.

What's the matter with the United States? Why can't we knock out rabies the way we've kayoed smallpox, malaria, and pneumonia? In order to find out, I buttonholed public health veterinarians at their conventions and in their offices on the community firing line. All of them gave the following obstacles:

1. Dog laws are hard to enforce. The dogcatcher is looked upon by many as the lowest form of Anglo-Saxon political life. Children are allowed to put tacks in the tires of the dog wagon, hide dogs which should be picked up, let the dogs out of the pound.

He used to be something of a petty racketeer, paid out of the licenses he could collect. Even today, dog licensing is regarded by some communities as a general tax levied on those conscientious enough to pay it voluntarily or unfortunate enough to be caught by the dogcatcher.



"I did not say that. I distinctly said 'This place is loaded with gulls!'"

Dog laws are so unpopular that no city council wants to appropriate money to enforce them. Few cities have a truck for every 12,000 dogs, the minimum required to keep strays off the street. In St. Louis, where the public health department is trying to make the pound an acceptable public building, there isn't enough money to cover open sewer traps.

Our federal form of government, which extends home rule to localities, is as tough an obstacle to public health enforcement as our traditional annoyance with petty regulation. States have the underlying power to legislate on dogs, but most of them simply empower cities and counties to pass emergency legislation, while the U. S. Public Health Service can only advise when asked. Jurisdiction is split horizontally as well as vertically. Vaccination and importation of dogs may be covered by State legislation, but the State department of health, department of agriculture, and livestock commission can and often do issue regulations of their own. At the city level dogs may be regulated by police, public health, tax, or sanitation officials, or by a private humane society granted quasi-public powers. It's almost a question of who is willing to take on the odious chore.

2. A small, vocal group of organized animal lovers is ready to oppose vaccination of dogs as unnecessary and cruel. Irene Castle, the movie star, made the papers at the time of the Chicago outbreak by declaring there was no such disease as rabies and that she would be glad to expose herself to an allegedly rabid dog in order to prove it. Groups holding these views have prevented passage of vaccination laws in Los Angeles in spite of a menacing buildup of rabid dogs in that city. To combat them, irate parents have circulated leaflets exploding the fallacy that vaccination is unnecessary because no human being has died of rabies in the city for nine years. Newspapers have published pictures of dying children.

Irene Castle and those who hold with her forget that dogs profit more than humans from the vaccination programs. They are both more susceptible to the disease and more exposed to it. Last year, over 5,000 dogs died of rabies, dogs that would be alive today if they had been protected. If they were human beings, there would be no stopping a general vaccination campaign. Yet the opposition comes specifically from those who believe that a dog's life is as valuable as a human's.

3. Continuing vaccination is essential in the United States because our dogs are constantly exposed to infection from rabid wild animals. For some obscure reason, rabies is increasing among the foxes of the Appalachians and the

skunks of the midwest. Maddened by the disease, these shy beasts charge into farmyards and attack human beings. In Pennsylvania two years ago numerous rabid foxes forced parents to escort their children to school. Dogs, of course, are more frequent victims, and they carry the disease to domesticated animals. Farmers have lost millions of dollars worth of cattle to rabies in New York State, Georgia, and the southwest, and a vaccine for the protection of live-



"Why is it, comrade, our runners can only break the four-minute mile when escaping across the border?"

• AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

stock has just been offered to veterinarians.

Public health officials and naturalists admit they're puzzled by the phenomenon. Some areas, like the Rockies, are free of wildlife rabies, while in other places it smolders, skips over presumably susceptible populations and breaks out mysteriously in isolated places.

Two years ago, rabiologists and naturalists were electrified by an unprecedented event in Florida that suggested a bloodcurdling clue to the mystery. The seven-year-old son of a Florida cattleman was playing in his own backyard one morning when a bat flew out of the bushes and sank sharp little teeth into his chest. The boy's father recalled the vampire bats of Mexico who gently perforate the skin of sleeping humans and cattle, lap their blood, and return the dread virus of rabies, and he lost no time driving bat and boy to the Tampa Regional Laboratory 30 miles away. There, technicians told him that rabies had never occurred in the insect-eating bats found in the U. S. But they were so surprised that a bat, usually the shyest of animals, had flown by

day and attacked a person, that they obligingly took a look at its brain under the microscope. There, to their surprise and horror, they found the telltale Negri bodies which indicate rabies. Prompt treatment probably saved the boy's life, but naturalists all over the world plied the Florida authorities for information, and grim game authorities tramped the wilder parts of central Florida shooting and trapping bats for laboratory examination. Six proved rabid.

Naturalists were ready to dismiss the whole thing as a Florida freak, when a bat in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, attacked the wife of a biologist on a September evening. The bat proved rabid, setting off a nationwide bat roundup that has so far disclosed the infection in Texas, Montana, and California.

Where did the American bats get rabies? No one had ever seen any animal bite a bat, including a bat, and so far saliva is the only known transmitter of rabies outside the laboratory. Could vampire bats from the Caribbean hook a ride to the U. S. on cattle boats? No stevedore had ever uncovered one. Could they fly that far? Banding operations, hurriedly started, will settle this point in years to come.

The thing that really worries the experts is that vampire bats don't always die of rabies. Some of them can carry the infection for months. If the same holds true of the bats of America, they may be the Typhoid Marys of rabies which are infecting wild animals and dogs in areas now free of the disease. The U. S. Public Health Service would love to find out, but it warns that it will take several years and several hundred thousand dollars of tax money to get the answer.

The practical solution, of course, is easier than the problem. You can't legislate bats out of existence. You can't even find them to kill them. But if you protect dogs, you've got the danger to human beings pretty well licked.

Some of the States are now trying to solve the rabies problem, but because of the interstate character of the disease it must be attacked on a regional basis. At present Uncle Sam is spending little more than \$60,000 a year advising and helping local authorities who have to cope with outbreaks of rabies, and improving laboratory methods of detecting the disease. A much more substantial amount would allow him to help the States to launch longterm programs of control that would readily prevent outbreaks. Some of the money would have to be spent in giving dog owners the facts about rabies so that they would protect their pets.

You, of course, don't have to wait to be told. You can vaccinate your dog right now.

THE END

THOSE OLD CARS HAD EVERYTHING

(Continued from page 25)

way and held it under the garage roof.

As for sports cars in general, today's models are just the product of an automotive evolution that has been going on for generations. They are members of the same breed that fathered such oldtime speedsters as the Stutz Bearcat, Mercer Raceabout, the 1909 Coyote, the Chadwick, the Detroiter Kangaroo, the Jordon Playboy, the 1920 Cunningham Speedster, and many others.

And so it goes pretty much right down the line of "new features."

Tubeless tires—the first automobile tires were tubeless, borrowed from the bicycle.

Wrap-around windshields—some of the early electric cars sported these.

Coil springs—the 1907 Brush, a famous one-lunger, had an independent coil spring on each wheel.

All-steel bodies—in 1914, Oakland and Hupmobile offered all-steel open bodies and Dodge introduced the all-steel closed body in 1923.

Wire wheels—they go back to the first "horseless carriages."

Dual-range power—the Enger Twin-Unit Twelve of 1917 advertised that. All the driver had to do, according to the ballyhoo, was to "touch a little lever on the steering column" when he wanted to go from "full power" to

"economy power." The lever cut out half of the Enger's 12 cylinders and made it a six "that could go 35 miles on a gallon of gasoline."

Air conditioning—for those who were willing to pay, Packard offered it 15 years ago in 1940.

Even things like buying a car on time, used car lots, and motels go pretty far back in recorded automobile history. You could buy a car on the installment plan as long ago as 1915, and one of the first used car lots in the country opened up for business in the same year. One of the first motels, called a "Bungalowette Camp for Motor Tourists," was built on the outskirts of Oakland, Calif., in 1922. The camp's "bungalowettes"—wooden houses complete with electricity—rented for as little as \$20 a month or \$1 a night!

What it all adds up to is that the development of the automobile—like the development of any basic product—has been one of gradual improvement on the past. As the automobile grew, and the vast knowledge of production know-how increased, ideas that for one reason or another failed in the past have been brought out of the moth balls and revived.

"There's nothing new under the sun," can be said about any industry that has

its roots in the past. Progress is a matter of trial, error, and timing. In the automobile business, it's also a matter of price and reliability. A basic idea is only half the problem. To make that idea work under all conditions and to produce it in mass quantities at a price that will sell is the all-important other half. The reason that you and I can drive the luxury cars of today with all the "new features" that the idea boys can think up—or borrow from the past—is because Detroit can produce those cars at a price which we can afford to pay.

And what's for the future?

Undoubtedly each year's crop of new cars will continue to bring some brand-new developments plus some old revivals. A sneak preview of some of Detroit's "new features" scheduled for unveiling in the not-too-distant future includes such things as a gas-turbine engine (already being tried out in trucks) and a hand-operated accelerator lever mounted on the steering wheel for use on long drives when your right foot gets tired of pushing down on the gas pedal. I'm all for the fingertip gas control. But then maybe I'm prejudiced. I took my first driving lessons in a car that had one—Mr. Ford's famous old Model T!

THE END

MIRACLE AT THE IRON CURTAIN

(Continued from page 15)

They were being joined almost daily by the abandoned offspring of DPs fleeing Soviet oppression in East Germany. Even more significant to Conant's men was the fact that 20 per cent of the Glinnesmühle orphans had American blood—born out of wedlock to German *frauleins*, of GI fathers.

"OK, men," Conant said. "There's your kickoff project. But let me warn you. This business is going to depend almost entirely on you enlisted men. You'll have to sacrifice a lot of your off-duty leisure to putting this across. Your adviser will be our Executive Officer, Major Miles here. Good luck!"

Conant had made a master stroke in appointing as liaison officer Major Ralph E. Miles. Popular with the EM, Miles was a stocky, red-headed man of 46 from Wolcott, New York. He had worked his way through college as a professional boxer. During the thirties he had been an active reservist. In World War II he had seen action from New Caledonia to the ETO. In his veins flowed the fighting heritage of a distinguished frontier General of the '70s and '80s—Nelson A. Miles, the conqueror of Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph and the renegade Apache, Geronimo.

For all his breezy, informal personality, Major Miles was a go-getter. The following week, he arranged a meeting with the city fathers of Bad Hersfeld. Through his interpreter, Corporal Werner Toews of Pocatong, Idaho, Miles fired the opening volley in his fight to promote better understanding between Germans and Americans. The Constabs, Miles informed *bürgermeister* Otto Jansen, hereby challenged the Sportsmen's Club of Kreis (District) Hersfeld to a track meet, to be held at the local *Sportplatz*. Strictly a local affair, neither side to import any talent. How about it?

The Germans agreed enthusiastically. Plans got under way amid great excitement in both camps. The meet was scheduled for Whitsunday, four months off.

All went well until April, when the official in charge of the German preparations, assistant *landrat* Fritz Weidmann, sought out Sergeant Major Ted L. Handy.

"Herr Sergeant," he said accusingly, "an ugly rumor is sweeping Bad Hersfeld. We understood that the track meet was to be strictly a local talent affair."

"So it is," replied the puzzled Sergeant Handy.

"But you Americans," Weidmann protested, "are secretly bringing in star athletes from other Army units. Many new faces are seen arriving at your barracks. Can you deny that?"

Handy blinked. "Those new men belong to our battalion, sir. From our outposts at Fulda and Bad Kissengen. You know our men are spread out on patrol. None of them are outsiders."

Weidmann looked away. "The situation is out of my control," he confessed. "Our Sportsmen's Club, in retaliation, is importing crack German athletes from all over the province. You see," Weidmann tried to explain, "we grew up under Nazi rule, trusting no man's word for anything. . . . We must cancel the track meet, of course. It is a most regrettable misunderstanding."

"No!" Handy cut in. "The meet will be staged as planned. If your club insists on importing stars, don't worry about it."

Whitsunday 1951 saw thousands of partisan German sports fans gathered at the Hesseplatz to watch the American 24th pit its best athletes against a supposedly "local" German team. Be-

fore the meet was well under way, the pattern became clear. The scoreboard read Germans 60, Americans 0.

As the meet progressed, with the illegally-entered German stars winning event after event, a subtle change came over the predominantly Hessian spectators. It was becoming obvious to the most rabid Yankee-haters in the stands that the outclassed 24th had not broken faith; it had imported no outside talent. When the tournament ended with the score 169 to 11 in favor of the German team, there was no cheering from its supporters.

In a strained, embarrassed silence, the Germans saw Colonel Conant salute the *hauptmann* of the German team. "You have won a proud victory," the American officer said. "We congratulate you."

A wild frenzy of applause broke from the stands. For the first time in the six-year tenure of the Occupation, civilians came rushing out to mingle with GI police. Apologies came from every side: "We allowed the rumor-mongers to mislead us." "Our honor has been soiled." "We beg your forgiveness."

The GIs of the 24th returned to their barracks in triumphant mood. What mattered the debacle recorded by the scorekeeper? The Americans had won the real victory by their sportsmanship. An event that had opened in an atmosphere of hatred and distrust had ended in an avalanche of good will. The ice was broken at last.

In the days that followed, orderly room clerks at McPheeter's were deluged with invitations such as "Would the Kommandant allow an *Amerikanischer soldat* to dine Sunday evening next at the home of the Gustave Uten-dorffers?" Needless to say, all such requests were immediately granted.

The hard-won comradeship between the American Occupation troops and the burgers of Hesse very nearly collapsed shortly after the track meet, when an outbreak of crime in the area was traced to American soldiers. But the crisis passed for the 24th when a military court of inquiry pinned the guilt on GIs from another outfit billeted temporarily in the community.

The men of the 24th had another smoker.

"All right, guys" Sergeant Pagliarulo declared, "now we're set to spring our orphanage welfare project, without making the Germans think we're dishing out charity to poor relations. It's going to take a wad of dough, though. How are we going to do it? Put a basket at our next payline, or what? Any ideas?"

Backstage, Major Ralph Miles pulled another string.

"How about a raffle?" Miles suggested. "Put up a prize and sell tickets to

American personnel throughout the Zone."

A raffle it was to be. Prizes were proposed, discussed, rejected as too trivial—wristwatches, bicycles, and the like. Finally, just before the Charge of Quarters was due to make bed-check, the men voted to make the top prize an automobile. Not a pint-sized *Volkswagen*, but a top-bracket American car.

Next day, Major Miles dispatched the outfit's Adjutant, Captain James Martin of Los Angeles, to visit Frankfurt and contact an auto dealer. Martin telephoned back, "I've located a lulu,



"I was a handyman until this do-it-yourself craze came along."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

Major. A '51 Chrysler Windsor sedan with all the extras. But you'll pass out when I tell you the price."

"How much?" the red-headed New Yorker inquired.

"Thirty-five hundred bucks. And we only have until tomorrow noon to take up our option. A VIP is waiting to snap up the car."

Thirty-five hundred dollars! It was an astronomical sum. But Miles didn't bat an eyelash. "Tell that dealer we'll have cash on the barrelhead by 1200 hours tomorrow. Tie up that Chrysler, Captain. I'll arrange for a chauffeur to pick it up."

That afternoon Miles, together with Colonel Conant, Colonel Harold Spitzer, and George P. Moore, the local High Commissioner to Germany attaché, presented themselves at the Frankfurt branch of the Chase National Bank of New York and signed personal notes guaranteeing repayment of a \$3,500 loan. "If the raffle fizzles out," the GIs back at the post had assured them, "we'll buy that damned jalopy over the pay table ourselves."

"Operation Raffle" got under way in

August, with Captain Quentin Rowland, of Oregon, in charge. The resplendent Chrysler sedan, mounted on an army semi-trailer, started down the *Autobahn* for Frankfurt. At every U. S. Army service station en route, Yankee attendants clamored for tickets at one dollar each.

In Frankfurt, the grand prize was parked outside the American Exchange—focal point for the thousands of GIs stationed in the area—and the hustling little outfit from Bad Hersfeld set to work.

One enterprising NCO, Sergeant Joe Aversano, rounded up a score of skinny, ill-clad moppets from the bombed-out tenement district, lined them up at the PX entrance, and began his pitch: "The cash from this raffle will bring Santa Claus to kids like these for the first time next Christmas. Think it over, guys. One buck buys you the best car in the whole EUCOM."

Fifteen hundred tickets were sold the first afternoon. One sergeant, Dick Ricker of Maryland, sold 7,974 tickets in his spare time. When the raffle ended, over \$27,000 had been taken in, for a net profit of \$18,814.40! Not one penny had come from a German.

Later, Major Miles and Master Sergeant Ted Handy presented themselves at Dr. Jansen's office in the Bad Hersfeld City Hall. They were met by a puzzled delegation of German civic officials.

"Here," Sergeant Handy said through interpreter Toews, "is a check for \$2,000 to buy shoes for the orphans in your local DP camps. And here, *Herr Burgermeister*, is another check for \$2,000 to get new clothing for the children at Glimmesmühle." Handy then turned to *Frau* Elfriede Caselitz, head of the local German Red Cross. "We understand that the city plans to build a \$15,000 Red Cross building, *Frau* Caselitz."

"Ja—that is true," the overwhelmed *Frau* Caselitz admitted.

"Here is the 24th's contribution to get the building started," Sergeant Handy said, turning over a \$5,000 check. "And now, Major Miles has a proposal to offer the city officials. Major?"

Major Miles stepped forward and, as the popeyed Germans gasped, spread a bale of 42,000 *Deutschmarks* on the mayor's desk.

"This money is yours, sir," Miles said, "with one proviso: that it go toward the construction of a new orphanage to replace that overcrowded farmhouse at Glimmesmühle."

Dr. Jansen gulped. The Council would take the Yankees' proposal under advisement, *ja*. And would the Major do him the honor of signing the city's "Golden Book," an autograph album

which visiting dignitaries had signed over a span of 300 years?

Christmas 1951 was approaching. For the needy children of Kreis (District) Hersfeld, it was to be an unforgettable one. An intramural rivalry was burgeoning among the inspired troops of the 24th. Christmas Eve saw C and D Troops visiting the Iron Curtain villages in 2½-ton, 6 x 6 trucks—in some cases parking close enough to hang their hubcaps over Soviet soil. On the East German side of the border, glowering red officials watched the exuberant young GIs pass out a whopping \$5,000 worth of food parcels, clothing bundles, and sacks of American-made toys. Sergeant John D. Hatfield, of New York, was master of ceremonies, decked out in a Santa Claus suit.

The New Year, 1952, had hardly been rung in when the 24th requested and received EUCOM permission to take over the German Youth Association center in Bad Hersfeld.

Juvenile delinquency was an acute problem in Hesse, as everywhere in war-ravaged Europe. Teen-age girls roamed the cobblestone streets, on the verge of careers in prostitution. Their brothers were the equivalent of "Dead-End Kid" gangs, hell-bent toward crime. What better way to make friends, the GIs of the 24th reasoned, than by rehabilitating this lost generation before it was too late?

The GIs gave up their furlough time and 48-hour passes to the cause. Instructors were hired to conduct cooking classes, English language courses, an organized sports program. All instructors were local Germans. They had orders to avoid anything that smacked of pro-American propaganda.

Bad Hersfeld's youth, suspicious of the Yankees' motives as their elders had been a few months earlier, responded slowly at first. But finally the rolls had mushroomed to over six hundred. Captain John McGuire of Louisiana, in charge of the GYA project, saw the wayward girls and the Dead-End Kids leave their alleys and *ratskellers* to devote their excess energy to basketball, ski meets in the nearby mountains, manual training, auto shop, soccer matches, even a Soap Box derby—the first ever held in Europe.

All this cost money. In a short time \$6,000 was spent—a sum out of reach of soldier donations in an outfit as small as the 24th.

The soldiers stubbornly resisted offers of help from German civilians. The raffle which had paid off so handsomely in August could not be repeated, for other American outfits had jumped on that bandwagon throughout West Germany following the 24th's success.

While the GI smokers wrestled with problems of ways and means to meet

their GYA expenditures, the Germans had begun the new Orphanage project. Land was purchased atop the Wehneberg (Wehne Hill), overlooking the beautiful Fulda Valley. Ground was broken in March for a building which would take the Americans' initial \$10,000 donation and \$50,000 to come from German civilians.

"We can't let the Germans get dependent on our help," Major Miles warned repeatedly. "We won't be here long. For every dollar of ours, we've got to persuade the Germans to put up four dollars."

Meanwhile, how to finance the flourishing youth program? Had the 24th Constables bitten off more than they could chew?

"I've got an idea," Miles told Colonel Conant. "We'll stage a series of German-American boxing matches, open to the public. I'll bet you it'll go over as big as the raffle did."

Colonel Conant was not destined to find out if Miles was right. Having already exceeded the normal one-year term of duty for an Occupation commander, Conant was transferred in May and Lieutenant Colonel Dan S. McMillin of Missouri took his place. The change of command brought some anxiety to Miles and his men. What if McMillin disapproved of the project? But Colonel McMillin, inspired by the zeal of his red-headed Executive Officer, gave Miles an unqualified green light, "Go ahead—you're accomplishing miracles here."

To justify McMillin's confidence, the 24th hit another jackpot. A series of German-American boxing tournaments drew 10,000 paid spectators and settled the GYA debt with money to spare. On one occasion, the outfit advanced money to bring Germany's fistic idol, Max Schmeling, down from his mink farm in Norway to serve as referee. Although Schmeling appeared in an open-air arena during a torrential rainstorm, hundreds of the ex-world heavyweight champion's fans had to be turned away at the gates.

With finances in good shape, the 24th Constables now turned to a series of summer camps at Dalherda, 30 miles away in the scenic Bavarian Alps. Every week 60 needy orphans were transported to and from the tent city, where Chaplain Herold G. Lohrman of Connecticut and Corporal Leslie N. Koray of Texas served as counsellors. The entire project was financed by the soldiers, without cost to the taxpayers back in the States.

All this caused a wave of unprecedented pro-American sentiment to sweep through Hesse, to the alarm of local communist cells. With typical communist malevolence, the Russians struck back. They chose the big American holiday, July 4, to cut off the water

supply of the nearby hamlet of Phillipsthal, on the Iron Curtain.

Phillipsthal's mayor telephoned the 24th for help. The ranking officers, McMillin and Miles, were away for the day. The officer in command, Major William Blake, of Florida, put it up to his men. The 24th promptly disbanded its Independence Day festivities to rush tank trucks to the beleaguered village. When "Operation Waterhaul" reached the 50,000 gallon mark, the disgruntled Soviet overlords called it quits and restored normal facilities.

Hessian commies, acting on directives from Moscow, had made much of racial discord attributed to the American South. When word got out that the 24th had received orders from the European Command to transfer ten per cent of its personnel to make way for a like number of Negro replacements, Kreis Hersfeld's red sympathizers loudly predicted that McPheeter's Barracks would see an outbreak of race riots. But the Negro troops were integrated without incident, a fact which attracted far-reaching comment from the local press.

The summer of 1952 saw another contribution to German-American harmony at Bad Hersfeld. When a whooping cough epidemic struck in the summer of 1952, German doctors announced that cures could be effected if patients were given 30-minute plane rides at 5,000 feet. The 24th's Aerial Reconnaissance Section, comprised of four small L-5 planes commanded by Negro Lieutenant Hugh Warner of Alabama, began taking off every hour with whooping cough patients. While the 24th's Medical Detachment never conceded the efficacy of this therapy, the project added another feather to the garrison caps of the increasingly popular "miracle men" of the 24th.

In September Major Miles was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and the rumor spread that he was to be transferred. The German people promptly forwarded a petition bearing 25,000 signatures to 7th Army Headquarters, requesting an extension of assignment for the red-headed officer whose presence in Kreis Hersfeld was believed essential to the continuance of the youth welfare program.

"Might as well ask the Army to yank the moon out of its orbit," ran the skeptical latrine gossip. "Such things don't happen."

But it did. Colonel Miles received orders postponing his transfer indefinitely "in the interests of international accord."

The spare-time activities of the Squadron, as good-will ambassadors, had come to overshadow, in the German mind, the basic military function of the unit—the vigilance patrol of the Iron Curtain border. But in December,

just as the unit was making plans for a second gala Christmas bounty for needy German youth, the bad news came: the 24th Constabulary Squadron had completed its mission, said the European Command, and was to be deactivated.

Sorrowing throngs of civilians lined the ancient cobbled streets of Bad Hersfeld as the uniformed Yankees marched away from the former Nazi *kaserne* on the hill for the last time. These Americans had come to Germany as policemen, despised and taunted; they departed as honored friends, their memories enshrined in the hearts of grateful children.

There is no way to measure the good which the outfit had accomplished in the incredibly short months since the auto raffle. But the unit's records told an impressive story which no amount of red propaganda can ever dispute:

Donation to start new orphanage	\$10,000
Donation to German Red Cross bldg.	5,000
New equipment for orphanage	5,000
Total Christmas 1952 donations	5,000
New clothing for youth program	5,000
Operation of GYA summer tent camp	3,000
Operation of GYA winter ski camps	1,000
Expenses of GYA training schools	6,000
Total American GI contributions	\$40,000

This feat is all the more incredible when it is realized that it was accomplished by ever-changing personnel which never numbered more than 250 off-duty men. At the time the 24th left Germany, the Hessian people had contributed another \$60,000 to bring the total up to a tenth of a million dollars.

As Major Miles had secretly feared, work on the new orphanage—half-finished when the 24th left—came to a sudden halt. Fund-raising in a poverty-ridden area such as Kreis Hersfeld faced appalling difficulties.

When Colonel Miles was given a hero's send-off at the time of his departure for America in May 1953, he took away the solemn promise of *Bürgermeister* Jansen that the orphanage would be ready for occupancy by the end of the year. But the deadline passed with no further construction. The snows of January 1954 whitened the skeleton of the structure on the Wehneberg.

"Because the American soldiers are no longer here to inspire us," editorialized the *Hersfelder Zeitung*, "is no excuse for this disgraceful delay. It is an obligation of national honor that

we raise the funds to complete this orphanage—at once!"

German citizens rallied to the cause. The orphanage was finally completed in mid-summer 1954. The Hessian people decided on impressive dedicatory ceremonies to mark the opening. But it was unthinkable, trumpeted the Hessian press, to dedicate the new orphanage without having as guest of honor at least one member of the 24th Constabulary Squadron which had made the miracle come to pass. By now, most of the unit's personnel was back in civilian life in America. Whom should Bad Hersfeld invite?

There was only one answer, of



"Is this one sharp enough?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

course: Colonel Ralph F. Miles, then serving as head of a Reserve Officers' Training Center in Santa Barbara, California, 6,000 miles away. So *Bürgermeister* Otto Jansen sat down to write an historic plea to the President of the United States:

"Mr. President, we take this means of requesting a favor. We desire that *Oberstleutnant* Rolf Miles be granted leave to visit Germany on the occasion of the formal dedication of the new orphanage which his unit was responsible for establishing. No other single American has been a better ambassador of good will from your country to ours than Rolf F. Miles. . . ."

The White House sent the petition to the Pentagon. The economy-minded Army had a problem on its hands: no appropriated funds were available for such an unusual junket. However, the undeniable importance of granting the Germans' petition in the interests of international amity prompted the Pentagon to wire Colonel Miles in Santa Barbara: "If the officer is willing to make said trip on his own leave time.

the Army will arrange transportation to and from Europe."

On August 12, 1954, Colonel Ralph F. Miles completed a VIP-priority flight from America. He arrived in Frankfurt to find a German motorized escort waiting to take him "back home" to Bad Hersfeld. Arriving there, Miles was mobbed by screaming throngs of well-fed, well-dressed, happy, German children, who showered him with flower blossoms in a Hessian version of a ticker-tape parade.

And a parade there was, with Colonel Miles, representing the absent GIs of the 24th, riding in the place of honor between *Bürgermeister* Jansen and *Fran* Caselitz of the German Red Cross.

Past the newly-enlarged Red Cross building the parade moved, miles long, with seven brass bands in attendance. The marchers reached the grim barrier of the Iron Curtain, where Russian police saw the procession retrace the route which the 24th had patrolled night and day for six years by jeep, plane, and on foot. The parade reached its destination atop the Wehneberg.

There Colonel Miles beheld the monument of the 24th's spare-time activities in behalf of German-American unity. The magnificent new *Jugend Wohnheim* surpassed anything the GIs could have envisioned.

Three stories high, the orphanage had glassed-in solaria, ultra-modern kitchens gleaming with chrome, and landscaped grounds. At prevailing American labor scales, the building would have cost more than \$150,000.

And occupying these shining, spacious quarters were the precious recipients of the Yanks' benefactions: the once-forgotten waifs of war who, back in 1947, had first roused the pity of Sergeant Danny Pagliarulo, now on duty at Fort Meade, Maryland.

When Colonel Miles advanced to the microphone, his words were to be clarified across the Iron Curtain in 27 languages, via the mighty Voice of America, to the ears of oppressed millions.

"I accept these honors," he said humbly, "not for myself, but on behalf of the rank and file of the 24th Constabulary Squadron of the United States Army, who opened their hearts to the suffering of innocent victims of war.

"It is my fervent prayer that this magnificent building will always stand as a symbol of what miracles can be produced when former enemies join forces in common cause. . . . What we accomplished together here could be accomplished anywhere else on our troubled globe. Before us today is the living proof of a spirit of Christlike brotherhood which, with God's help, will one day bring enduring peace throughout the world." THE END

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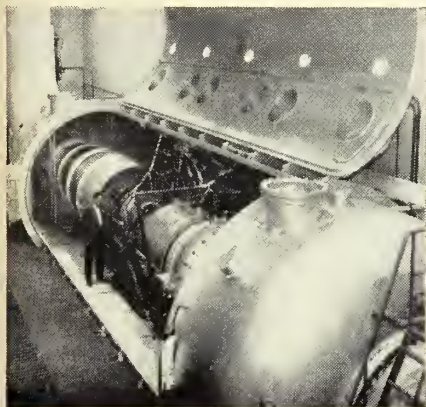
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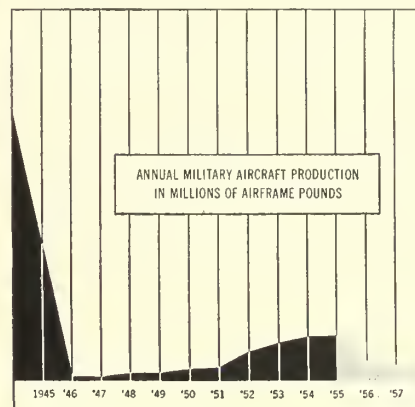
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SATELLITE WILD

(Continued from page 13)

ship. As the minutes clocked off, he was kept too busy with pre-flight checks to worry much. It was a lot like a normal flight; but a few minor differences reminded him that this was *not* a regular test hop—the mirror gunsight looking to the rear, the range tables for the 120, the little red push button on the panel where no switch had been before, and the constants of the S/N 24's trajectory.

The S/N 24 was in a "wobble" orbit; as she passed overhead she would be heading roughly southwest. The next time around in a little over an hour, she would pass far to the north of White Sands and head southwest over Los Angeles. His intercept maneuver was a long one; he would have to take the 238 half-way around the world to meet the errant missile.

"Red-hot Papa, this is Bitter Joe Control," a voice rang in his headphones. "Are you ready for lift?"

"Red-hot Papa is ready for lift, Bitter Joe," he replied, wetting his lips.

"Coming up on minus ninety seconds. . . . Mark!"

Cal started his take-off procedure, unclutching his reference gyros. The programmer which would fly the ship during the powered portions of the flight was showing a green light on the panel.

"Sixty seconds. . . . Mark!"

Then, "Forty-five seconds. . . . Mark!"

The KX-238 was a different ship now; Cal sensed the difference. She was the first armed spaceship. In her cargo hold were new tanks, and in her tail was a 120-millimeter gun. And she was out to make a kill.

"Thirty seconds. . . . MARK!"

The last moments were dragging by. A million thoughts ran through the pilot's head as he settled himself back into his pads. There was no time to be scared, only time to wait.

"Twenty . . . 19 . . . 18 . . . 17. . . ."

Somewhere, far up in the endless blackness of space overhead, an armed war rocket sped across the stars toward a hypothetical point in space where the 238 would meet it.

"Eleven . . . ten . . . nine . . . eight. . . ."

He pushed the final switch. He had a few seconds left on earth, just a few moments in which to back out if he wanted to. But it was not a matter of wanting to or not. The S/N 24 was sweeping around the world to the point of interception.

"Three . . . two . . . one. . . ."

The green "Ignition" light came on, then the boosters fired. With a back-snapping jerk, he was slammed into his cushioned seat as a maelstrom of noise filled his universe. The acceleration

eased off abruptly as the boosters broke clean; he could see them tumbling away through his gunsight. Then he watched while the earth dropped away, the mountains and the deserts fading into flatness. The streak of the Rio Grande River Valley swam into the mirror, then swept out as the ship began to lay over on its side in a long curve to the west.

Thus far, it was pretty much like any other flight, Cal decided. He watched the flame blossom out in the mirror,

WALLY



(From July, 1932 A.L.M.)

but he jumped when it suddenly winked out. The red "Cutoff" light was on, and he felt his stomach climb into his chest as he went into free-fall.

"Bitter Joe Control, this is Red-hot Papa. First cutoff on schedule," he reported.

The reply came back intermixed with noise. "Roger, Red-hot Papa. You're over the western horizon; we can't follow you with our radars now, but you looked right in the groove before we lost contact. Let us know what it looks like when you come around next time. . . ." The transmission faded as the KX-238 swept out over the Pacific Ocean, climbing steadily in a shallow ellipse. It was daylight below now. He turned back to his instruments to check his velocity and altitude.

Altitude he could check by radar alti-

meter. Velocity he had to estimate from checking landmarks below. He saw Hawaii go past to the north, then there was a long stretch of ocean with no checkpoints. He made some rough calculations by the position of the sun, which was climbing higher as he streaked around the globe.

When he saw New Guinea appear ahead of him, he started searching with his radar. The S/N 24 should be coming into range soon, he thought. But there was nothing on the radar screen.

Had somebody misplaced a decimal point, he wondered? The missile should be approaching him from above and behind, but he couldn't pick it up. A cold sweat broke out on his face as he savagely swept his search radar back and forth, but he wasn't scared now. He was only afraid that he had missed the S/N 24 entirely.

Over the Timor Sea, a weak spot of light appeared on his screen! It was there, sweeping toward him through the sky! He looked up, but there was nothing there but stars. The sun was slowly sinking behind him, and he didn't dare look back to try to spot the missile.

"I wish you could hear me on the radio, Don," he said to himself. "I wish I could talk to somebody."

But he was coming up on the most critical portion of his flight—the burst of power that would match his speed with that of the missile and bring him into the same orbit. The trickiest part was ahead; he had to slip in behind the missile at a safe distance and he didn't dare get within detection range of the missile's proximity fuse!

The programmer was still ordering the ship. The acceleration slapped him in the teeth, but he dismissed the discomfort. He was too engrossed in vectoring on the missile. Seventy-five miles. . . . Easy, easy. . . . Fifty miles and still above him. . . . Careful. . . . Very careful. . . . A bit of pitch-positive control. . . . That's it. . . .

Then he saw it. It floated by overhead, a brilliant star in the black sky. Then it slowed and slowed and stopped just as his rocket engines quit! His tanks had run dry!

Panicky, he took a radar bearing, then closed his eyes and sobbed.

The sun disappeared behind the eastern limb of the globe behind him.

HIS VOICE reached anxious ears at White Sands 40 minutes later. Don Karter threw down his cigarette and jumped to the receiver. "Hello, Bitter Joe Control, this is Red-hot Papa."

"Thank God! He's all right!" Karter breathed.

"I'm in the soup," Cal's voice went on. "The 238 reached fuel exhaustion too soon at intercept. . . ."

The engineer grabbed the mike from the radioman's hand. "Cal! Cal! This is Don! What's wrong?"

"Somebody made a mistake, maybe me, maybe the astronomers, maybe you. I'm matched with the S/N 24, but I'm only seven miles away from it. I've been sitting here watching it ever since we hit intercept over the Indian Ocean."

A dead silence fell over the room full of men. Don hesitated a moment as the facts sunk in. "You're too close!"

"I know. I've been hoping I wouldn't get any closer and set the damned thing off."

The engineer shivered. He had only a notion of what the pilot must have endured and was enduring now. "Look, Cal, swing the 238 around and fire that 120 against your orbital velocity and get out of there! Do you understand?"

"I don't buy that, Don," Cal's voice came back. "I can see the thing out there, and I don't like the idea of it coming back down, not the way it's fixed. If I swing around and fire so I can get back down, I'll miss the S/N 24 entirely. . . ."

"Look, you fool, get out of there! Let that thing come down where it will."

"And kill a couple of million people?"

"We'll take that chance!"

"Why risk millions? I . . . I'm not sure I could live with myself, knowing I could have done the job."

"Don, look. Tell Diane and the boy, will you? Tell them the whole story, not the stuff they release for publication. Tell them I didn't want the job, but . . . Well, tell them, will you?"

Don choked. "I will, Cal."

"And another thing. Tell the others to cut this stuff out. Tell them that ugly thing out there might have been a satellite with people in it instead of a bomb, a station with people looking out to see the whole western United States and out at the stars just like I can see it now. You won't miss the 238; you can build another one, Don. You created it, and you can create it again. But the S/N 24 isn't a creation; it's destruction. This place up here just wasn't meant for it."

"I'm swinging ship. Damn it, Don, why didn't you fix a magazine on that gun so I'd have more than one shot? If I miss? There! I'm lined up! Hope those

computer boys figured right. Stand by! Three . . . two . . . one. . . ."

The telescope film records showed a ball of fire 20 miles in diameter. The light was visible in New York City, Havana, Mexico City, and Honolulu. It turned night into day over Los Angeles. The entire west coast was thrown into a red alert with interceptors screaming into the sky, anti-aircraft missiles being readied, and the people herded into shelters. The glowing dust was tracked seven times around the globe. There was no photographic evidence of any object larger than a tennis ball left.

At White Sands Spaceport today there is a simple stainless steel pillar. And once each year at sundown two people—an elderly lady and a lean spaceman—stand before it to read the words:

"In memory of Calvin J. Justin, test pilot, who takes his place with the other patriots in American history. Such personal sacrifice is the criterion by which such men are judged. And Cal Justin's actions were in the highest tradition of free men everywhere who not only have family and country at heart, but also the welfare of mankind around the world."

THE END

(Continued from page 5)

But later, my sister Mrs. William LeRoy Ashbaugh of Scarsdale, N. Y., the wife of a Marine veteran, visiting in Washington that same year wrote me, "We have seen the Soldier-Guard at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier." So I concluded that the President as Commander-in-Chief had overruled the Secretary of War.

Roscoe Conkling Hatch

Hyde Park on Hudson, N. Y.

FORGOTTEN FREEDOM

Sir: W. H. McComb's "The Freedom the Professors Forgot" is a ranting, dogmatic, shameless piece of journalism, unfit for the eyes of any competent American historian. It is about as scholarly as a treatise by a Ku Kluxer appraising the character of any recent Pope.

Joseph R. Lebo
New York City

Sir: Congratulations to W. H. McComb for packing into just six pages such a wealth of inane material. Rather short on valid historical analysis and rather long on distortion, this article appears to be another typical example of the anti-intellectual's literary effort.

Kent Kreuter
2nd Lt. AGC
Fort Dix, N. J.

Sir: With deep appreciation I read "The Freedom the Professors Forgot." It is time that people realized that



some of the most vociferous of our college professors, judged by their long-time associations and actions and remarks, are completely unable as men of theory to comprehend the hard realities of subversion and infiltration. Enlightened national self-interest is the protector of American freedom and starry-eyed liberalism is its pall-bearer.

Ray Arnesen
East Rockaway, N. Y.

Sir: W. H. McComb's article recalled for me the parable of the trees by the prophet Jotham in Judges 9: 8-15 in which he rebukes Abimelech, king of the Shechemites. I commend its wisdom to anyone who would care to look it up.

Thomas S. Wheelwright, Jr.
Chester, Va.

Sir: "The Freedom the Professors Forgot" is tops. In clear and fascinating style the author snaps us to attention for a shot of good, old-fashioned Americanism. It is like a refreshing breeze and would surely be most effective in dispelling the bunk floating around these days if it could be

brought to the attention of millions of Americans who have forgotten or have never been told of the original conception of freedom of their worthy forefathers.

Sam O. Pottorff
Edinburg, Texas

Sir: "The Freedom the Professors Forgot" on page 18 of the May issue is most unusual in timely truth, and it would be a very fine thing if every mature person in the United States could be induced to read it.

Raymond Gould
Chicago

INFORM THE NATION

Sir: Have just read the article in the May issue, "Hoover Commission Report on VA Draws American Legion Fire." An excellent article. However, does it go far enough? Why not see that this report goes into the daily news columns and thereby inform the entire nation of the intent of the report? Having served as a service officer for several years, I believe there could have been no examination at any point (in the report) dealing with the needs of the many (hospitalized) veterans. I have often found that veterans have no desire to go to the VA hospital unless there is no other alternative, and too often they wait too long for best results.

Marion R. Parker
Service Officer, Post 29
Siloam Springs, Ark.

FISH YOU'LL ENJOY CATCHING AND EATING

(Continued from page 17)

The quiet was gone, and as Harry landed his fish and rowed into shore, his face a little red from exertion, I said, "Let me see that unlucky bass! That was a hot fight he put up!"

He held up the chunky little fish. "It isn't a bass. It's a bluegill; some call it calico bass. They're scrappy little devils. And they can make a duffer out of you if you get too cocky. For my money, a bluegill is better eatin' than a bass. Doesn't have that muddy taste."

In addition to tagging the pan fish as a poor fish, there's something else the bully boys of the braided line have done to complicate fishing. For years they've given out mystical information that fishing is a technical and involved sport, that it takes years of practice to become adept enough to catch fish. As a result, thousands of potential fishermen are cautious about becoming involved. Read the fishing columns of most of our outdoor magazines and you'll emerge from their pages as confused as an eight-year-old in an algebra class.

Fly casting, top-drawer technique in fishing, can be learned in one evening—at least well enough to catch a few fish and have some fun. And, from where we sit, that is the primary purpose of fishing, anyway.

Understand that the difference between fly casting and bait casting lies in the fact that when you cast with the fly rod, you are really casting the line. It's a heavier line. You don't depend upon the lure or the fly to pull the line out as you do in bait or spin casting. Your line should be out well beyond the rod tip all through your casting. And you don't depend upon your reel

very much. On the fly rod it's there to keep your line in a neat little bundle, except when you hook a big, lively fish and pray to let him run. Then you need your surplus line.

Your back yard is the place to start. Get a light trout-action fly rod of either 7½ or 8 feet and a single-action reel. Select what they call the level line and the six-foot, tapered dry-fly-type of leader. Technically, the leader size would be probably a 5x .006 inches in diameter. This is the type of gear recommended for pan fishing. And as long as you're just starting out and intend to pan fish for fun with fly casting equipment, try concentrating on what they call the dry fly. More fun than the wet fly, it floats on top of the water and gives you your money's worth once the fish strikes.

And don't let yourself get lost in the hopeless maze of artificial fly patterns. There's an artificial fly for every fisherman's whim, numbering in the thousands. Never buy a fly larger than a number 10 for pan fishing. For sunfish and the like you can even get down to a tiny number 18.

A few of the patterns you might bring along are the colored Hackles (black, white, brown and gray), the Bee, Black Gnat, Royal Coachman, Red Ant, the Alder and the Silver Doctor. That'll be plenty to take any pan fish, and it's egg-headed to arrive at a lake or a stream and spend most of your time sorting flies and attempting to make the tremendous decision of which one to use when.

Before deciding to take out after the sunfish, the crappie or the bluegill, give

your own back yard a workout. Your handgrip on your fly rod handle can be just a natural closing of the hand over the cork butt—thumb around one side, four fingers around the other. Tie a piece of tightly rolled paper or a small hunk of light wood on the end of your line. Pick yourself an open spot and, if you want to test your accuracy and your eye, mark a circle on the ground and attempt dropping your line with the piece of paper or wood as close to it as possible, conjuring the spot as a sunken tree stump near which are swimming several very large and handsome fish.

Once you've got your spot, have the rod gripped in your right hand, then strip off about twenty feet of line. Flip this line to the left with your rod tip, then with a swinging, lifting motion of your wrist, move your rod overhead at right angles to the spot you're facing. Now, before your line settles and is well overhead, move the rod quickly but lightly in the opposite direction. Now you've got your line in the air moving free as a bird. Continue to do this backward and forward, with a rhythm if possible.

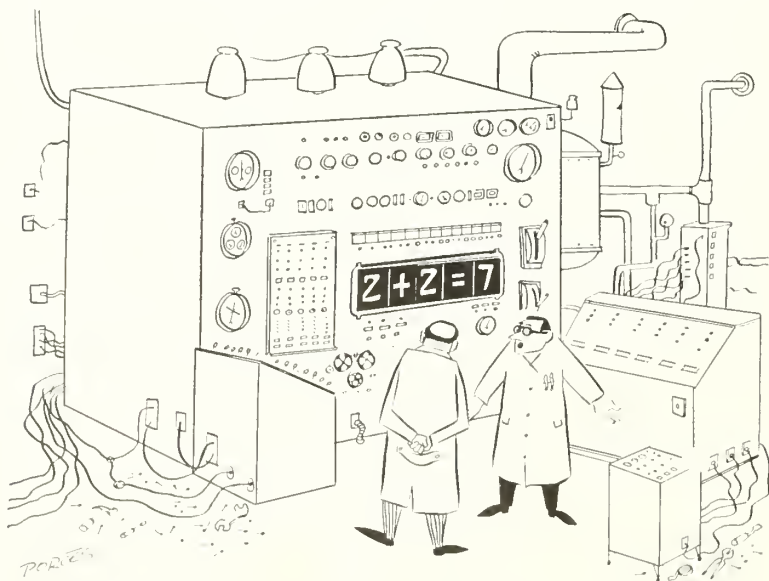
You're getting the feel of the rod and realizing what it means to keep the line in the air, in motion and untangled. Do as much of this as you wish. It's good practice and will help when you get ready to cast.

Consider that you are standing beside a huge clock. You are not facing it; you are standing sideways to it. Raise your rod up so that you are holding it at about ten o'clock on your imaginary clock. Hold your arm so that the upper portion is near your body, the forearm forward and horizontal. That line of yours should be stretched out in front of you on the ground.

As you bring the rod back to 11:00 on your guidance clock, using wrist action, flip the rod. This bends the rod tip backward and assists in throwing the line back over your head and shoulder. Don't let that rod go back more than 12:00 on your clock, then wait for the line to move back into the air before giving it the forward sweep. The action is *one-two-three*; one to bring it up, two to hold it or check it in position and three for the start of the forward cast.

Don't attempt to use your reel to bring your line in. That's all right when you hook a big fish or at the end of the day when you are through casting. But while practicing on your lawn or actually working a stream, use and practice to perfection the so-called hand-twist retrieve of your line without touching your reel.

It's simple: Just grab the looped line



"Well . . . back to the old drawing board!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

with the thumb and forefinger of your left hand—try to keep your palm up as the line slips through your hand. Close the rest of the fingers of your left hand tightly over the line which you will feel in your hand. Then turn your hand around palm down and take another piece of the outstanding line with your thumb and forefinger, and again turn your hand palm up and repeat the same movements until you have retrieved a handful of line. If you're fishing in a boat, just drop the line in the bottom of the boat as you bring it in.

That's about it. Practice and a couple of trips afield with a man who knows what he is doing will make you a pretty fair fly rod man. To knock the complication out of it, many manufacturers have printed booklets with simple diagrams and black-and-white sketches showing the exact steps in fly casting. Next time you go to your sporting goods store to buy a few hooks, ask for one of these instruction booklets.

Fly casting isn't the only way. Technique needn't tangle you when it comes to pan fishing.

Bait casting, the old reliable, is also a good method of bringing home the pan fish bacon. It is also recommended that you try "back yard practice" with this system. Points to remember in bait casting are simple ones. Hold your thumb over the line on the reel as you cast so it won't play out too quickly, "overrun" and cause a backlash. And remember that the rhythm of bait casting is "one-two," as opposed to the "one-two-three" of casting with the fly. Do not pause between the backcast and forward motion. It'll be easy to master if you keep firmly in mind that the weight is at the end of the rod which pulls into a bow when you cast. The application of forward power puts the rod into a full bow, bending against the weight. And use your wrist when casting—with a snap-like action. When you make the overhead, side, or so-called flip cast, don't hold your arm woodenly and cast as if the arm were going along with it. Make it a brisk, wrist-snapping action that will send your line and lure out smartly without the bird's-nest backlash. In bait casting for pan fish you have a wide choice of artificial plugs and lures, numbering literally in the thousands, and live bait which can be anything from a grasshopper to a silvery chub minnow. If your lure seems too light, add a clinch-lead sinker or two.

Last year a friend of mine approached me with a problem. Wife trouble, he said. He couldn't go fishing any more without her constantly carping at him. I suggested that he teach her how to fish, take her along. Once she experienced the tug of a fish on the end of her line, I thought, she'd have a better

understanding of why her spouse wanted to spend so much time trying to outwit the scaly creatures. He didn't think it could be done.

One Saturday afternoon I invited her over to my place, and suggested that I teach her spin fishing. She was interested, a bit intrigued with the strange, coffee-grinder-looking spinning reel and impressed with the lightness of the rod.

In fifteen minutes I taught her the rudiments of spin fishing and had her sending out a 1/4-ounce lure 25 yards without any difficulty. Her excitement in the whole thing made me suggest



"Yesterday, for no reason at all, my father came rushing in here and asked for the carriage wheels back."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

that we try a friend's pond. The result was that she caught two yellow perch, a crappie and three sunfish. Today she is a better pan fisherman than her husband.

Spinning, an ancient European type of fishing that is still comparatively new to this country, takes the hazards and complications out of fishing. Some of the experts don't like it and currently are trying to push through legislation to ban it on certain streams. Their objection is that it "makes fishing too easy."

But the pundits notwithstanding, spinning technique is sweeping the country and practically every tackle manufacturer is currently engaged in turning out his own style spinning rods and reels.

Spin fishing really comes between fly fishing and bait casting and encroaches on both. It is a system of throwing slightly weighted flies, lures, live bait and plugs easily where you want them to go. The axis of the reel is parallel to the rod and there is no rotating spool when casting or retrieving. Most spinning reels fit on the left-hand side of the rod. The line, very light, is of nylon

or monofilament and just falls off the reel at the cast. You cast with the guides facing the water. In casting, the weight of the lure takes the line off the reel and it flows in small coils which quickly straighten out as the line arches over the water. When the lure hits your target, the water, the line stops uncoiling. On the retrieve, a pick-up finger or bail mechanism steers the line accurately back onto the reel.

The fact that the spinning reel doesn't revolve means there is no possibility of tangling the line in a backlash. Reasonable accuracy with spinning is possible in a few hours. The light rod, line and 1/4-ounce lure give you much of the pleasure of fly fishing without its complications. It is superior to bait casting because of its accuracy, lack of backlash and the variety of lures that can be used. (Small spoons, bucktails and small plugs are popular.) Very light lures, like flies, cannot be cast with spinning gear because they are too light to pull the line out. Weight must be added.

That's about it for pan fishing technique. Remember to keep your hooks sharp; use small ones for small fish. All pan fish like live baits such as crayfish, worms, fresh-water shrimp, frogs, crickets, grasshoppers, minnows and varied kinds of insects.

When hooking a worm for a pan fish try to work the worm over the hook in a natural manner, covering the entire hook if possible. Hook the crayfish through the back of the tail and remove his pincers; fresh-water shrimp should be tail-hooked; frogs, through the front lips. The grasshopper should have the hook going through the collar on his shoulders, just back of the head. The cricket should be wired on with a fine wire or a rough piece of thread. Minnows can be hooked in many ways, through the lips, the front portion of the back or the tail. When fishing gets slow with the fly, try tipping the hook with a piece of wiggling worm. In still-fishing, use a split-shot or wrap-around sinker of about 1/8-ounce and a nylon leader. Standard trolling techniques work with pan fish. Small plugs and spinners do a nice job.

The figure 17,127,806 has been mentioned as the number of fishing licenses sold in 1952. Clayton B. Seagars, Director of Conservation Education for the State of New York, brings up a moot point: "I believe more fishermen operate on pan fish in New York State," he says, "than on the so-called game fish. To make that statement stick I'd like to point out that we can include all the kids under sixteen who don't require a license to fish in our State."

Most States don't ask children under sixteen to purchase licenses, and, with the exception of California, licenses are not required for salt-water fishing. So

the 17,000,000 figure can be increased. The youngster under legal age is the greatest pan fish enthusiast in the country, cutting his fishing eyeteeth on pan fish, learning to respect them at a tender age.

There's the pan fish for your inspection, with the mud rubbed off him and a neat list of his virtues. But there is one important point that wasn't mentioned in detail — the meat of the chunky little characters. They're good to the taste — even their name-callers admit that.

Rex Beach, a respecter of the pan fish, claimed that the natural habitat of a fish was in the frying pan.

In the South, the bream or crappie is cleaned and split, rolled in corn meal and dropped in deep fat and fried. The juices are sealed in by this type of cooking and the fish emerges from the fryer golden brown. The snowy-white meat practically melts in your mouth.

Some fillet them and dip them lightly in flour and sauté them in melted butter. I've had a mess of small sunfish poached in white wine the French way that tasted better than any trout I ever ate.

A. J. Fandel, an optometrist from St. Paul, Minn., has dreamed up a way of cooking pan fish. Let him tell you about it in his own words. This cooking method appeals to the lazy type of fisherman like myself.

"Have the pan fish thoroughly

cleaned," Dr. Fandel suggests, "fins removed but the head and tail left on if desired. And do not remove the scales. Salt inside of fish and pat lightly with flour on the outside. Then place $\frac{1}{8}$ -inch of vegetable oil in your baking pan and heat. Place your fish in the pan and bake in a 375-degree preheated oven for 30 to 35 minutes, depending upon the size of the fish. Bake one side of the fish, then turn it over and complete the baking.

"This method keeps all the juices inside, the fish does not dry out as in frying and the flesh is more flaky. When you remove the fish from the oven, take a knife and slide it under the skin and scales. The skin with the scales comes off like parchment paper, and you've saved yourself the messy task of scaling the fish."

Scales are probably one of the few things even his most ardent fan holds against the pan fish, but simple know-how can make scaling an easy job.

Pour hot water over your fish until the side fins behind the gills become stiff. Remember to add enough cold water to the hot water to bring it just below the boiling point. After this the scales brush off easily.

Another cute trick is to put a tablespoon of vinegar in the water in which you are cleaning your fish. This will dissolve the scum, make the fish easier to handle and loosen the scales.

An ordinary teaspoon or tablespoon is the best fish scaler. Scrape cross-grain, tipping the spoon back so that it catches the flying scales.

The pan fish can be compared to the cottontail rabbit. If neither existed the sports of fishing and shooting would hit an all-time low. And like the cottontail rabbit, the pan fish is a hardy little character. He forages for his own food, lives in all kinds of waters and reproduces himself by the millions.

This year the State of Pennsylvania has lifted all restrictions on most pan fish. They call it "liberalized" fishing and will use the results of 1955 as a yardstick to judge their fishing program for the future. Called by their aquatic biologists "sound fisheries management," mainly because of the abundance of pan fish, the Pennsylvania experiment has not only been greeted with enthusiasm by every fisherman in that State, but will start people fishing who have never before dunked a line.

Seems unappreciative to call a fish that means so much to so many by the slighting sobriquet "pan fish." This year out of deference, if you can't remember the name of the scrappy little devil that gave you so much trouble on the other end of the line and so much pleasure between your knife and fork, how about calling him "everybody's fish." Being as democratic as he is, he'd like that.

THE END

TOOLS YOU POWER YOURSELF

(Continued from page 27)

the hack saw (for cutting metal), the coping saw (for interior cutouts), the keyhole saw (for interior cutouts), and the backsaw (for very accurate cutting). The techniques for using these saws are similar to those already described.

PLANES

Planes are used for smoothing off the rough surface of wood and for bringing down to size when a saw can't be used effectively. There are two basic types of planes—the block and the bench. Block planes are used mostly when planing against the grain of the wood, for example on the end of a piece of wood. Bench planes, on the other hand, are used when planing in the direction of the wood grain. While there are several different bench planes used for various jobs, the 12-inch-long jack bench plane is the best type for all-around handyman use.

To use a plane, hold it firmly by the handle and place yourself so that you will be able to take a stroke the full length of the wood without getting off balance. Keep the bottom of the plane at right angles to the wood and straight along the edge. Try to keep the pressure of the plane upon the board as

evenly as possible for the full length of the board. If the grain becomes torn or roughened by the plane, reverse the direction in which the plane is being pushed.

When planing end grain or across the grain as you must on the end of a board, set the blade much finer than when working with the grain. To prevent splitting the wood at each end (which will always happen if the stroke is carried through from one side to the other), start from one end and plane to the center of the board. Then, reverse the wood and plane in from the other direction.

CHISELS

Chisels are very similar to planes since they are actually constructed just as the plane irons or blades are. In other words, chisels are plane irons in widths varying from one-eighth of an inch to two inches which have been fitted with handles for easier use. For most purposes the $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch, $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch and one-inch widths will suffice.

In using a chisel, cut away from the cutting guide line and toward the waste wood so that any splitting which takes place will occur in the waste and not in the finished work. Never start on the

guide line. Start slightly away from it, so that there is a small amount of material to be removed by the finishing cut. Keep the bevel side down until you make the final finishing cut. In this way you can guard against cutting too deep, since you will be able to lift the point of the chisel by tilting back onto the heel of the bevel. On rough work, the power which drives a chisel is usually the blow of a wooden mallet. On fine work, the driving power is applied entirely with the right hand.

It is probably easier to cut yourself accidentally with a chisel than with any other hand tool, and a cut from a chisel can be very bad. To guard against injury, keep both hands back of the cutting edge at all times. Never cut toward yourself with a chisel.

DRILLING TOOLS

For most wood drilling or boring, a brace with auger bits is used. Auger bits come in $1/16$ -inch gradations. For the home workshop, a set of six single-twist bits ($1/4$ ", $3/8$ ", $1/2$ ", $5/8$ " $3/4$ " and 1") should be adequate. Additional bits may be purchased as the need for them arises.

(Continued on page 62)

The Indian sang his death song



100 YEARS AGO, during a frontier skirmish, an Indian brave, singing his own death song, charged down on a young officer.

Lieutenant George Crook, 4th Infantry, coolly fell to one knee, carefully aimed, and dropped the brave in his tracks.

It was not Crook's first Indian, nor his last. (His right leg already contained a flint arrow-head he was to carry to his grave.) And by the time he made general, Crook was the greatest Indian-fighter this country has ever had."

Yet, he was also one of the best friends the Indians have ever had. For he understood them well, dealt fairly and firmly, and always kept his promises.

When Crook died, Indians wept. And a Sioux chief named Red Cloud said: "He never lied to us. His words gave the people hope."

No nation can ever have enough men like George Crook. But America had, and still has, a lot of them. That's important to remember. Because it is a wealth of human character rather than a wealth of money that gives America its real worth. Just as it is the Americans, all 160 million of them, standing behind our country's Savings Bonds, who make these Bonds one of the world's finest investments.

For your sake—and America's—why not take advantage of this fact? Invest in, and hold, United States Savings Bonds.



★ ★ ★

It's actually easy to save money—when you buy United States Series E Savings Bonds through the automatic Payroll Savings Plan where you work! You just sign an application at your pay office; after that your saving is done *for* you. And the Bonds you receive will pay you interest at the rate of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish! Sign up today! Or, if you're self-employed, invest in Bonds regularly where you bank.

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(Continued from page 60)

Since most holes are bored vertically, check the position of the auger with a try square as soon as the spur of the bit hits the wood's surface to make sure you are boring straight in. When the spurs have cut into the wood some distance, take a sighting from two positions 90 degrees apart to determine if you are holding the bit perpendicularly. If the bit is forced all the way through the wood, splitting will occur on the opposite side. To prevent this, pull bit out as the spur come through, insert the spur from the opposite side, and complete the hole. This forms a smooth hole on both sides. Another way to prevent splitting on the reverse side is to clamp a piece of waste wood on the back of the working piece.

In many cases it is necessary to bore a number of holes of the same depth and size. Equal depth can be obtained by fastening a bit gauge to the side of the bit; the gauge prevents the bit from going further than the required distance.

Other tools that may be used with the brace are the screwdriver bit, the countersink, the expansion bit and the Forstner bit. The screwdriver bit enables you to get more leverage in turning a screw, and is usually used only with large screws and heavy work. The countersink enlarges the top of a bored hole so that a flat-head screw will fit flush with the surface of the wood. The expansion bit is just what its name implies, for by a simple adjustment of the cutter it can be made to cut holes of varying sizes up to 2½ inches. The Forstner bit—not necessary but useful—is handy for boring close to the edge of a board. It is also useful for boring very hard wood and for boring in end

wood. As a Forstner bit has no screw, lip or spur, it makes clean and accurate cuts.

Among other boring tools useful in your home workshop are the hand drill (for rapid drilling of small holes) and the star drill (for cutting holes in masonry). You may also find a small gimlet or brad awl handy for making lead holes for nails and screws.

RASPS AND FILES

These cutting tools are used to rough and smooth out work and are particularly useful on rounded surfaces. The rasp is used for quick cutting work on wood because it has a rough cutting surface.

Files are made in many different cuts and varying degrees of fineness. Since the cutting edge is raised diagonally across the surface, most files are designed to cut only when pushed against either wood or metal. Buy a 10-inch mill and a 6-inch triangular file first; they give the greatest service around the home.

When filing, push straight across, and use just enough pressure to keep the file cutting. This should be done with as long a stroke as possible. Lift the file clear on the backstroke; dragging back dulls the teeth. Keep the file teeth clean by stroking with a file card (a special type of wire brush with short, stiff bristles).

PLIERS AND WRENCHES

Pliers are general utility tools for holding, bending, or pulling materials, or for cutting wire, brads, nails, etc. While there are many types and sizes of pliers available, only a few have a

wide enough use to be helpful to the home handyman. These include a pair of six- or eight-inch combination or slip-joint pliers which can be adjusted for different thickness of work, a pair of fixed-jaw cutters, and a pair of long-nosed pliers.

A 6-inch and a 10-inch adjustable wrench are the most useful in a home tool kit. They will take most of the jobs. However, as your repair jobs increase in magnitude, you will want a set of open-end wrenches, a pipe wrench, and a set of socket wrenches.

MEASURING TOOLS

Accurate, well-made home workshop items require the use of measuring tools. All work must be carefully marked before any cutting can begin, for even the most skilled craftsman can't judge with the eye alone. For this work, you must have a six-foot folding type rule, a try square, and an adjustable combination square. As time goes by, you may wish to add an eight-foot steel rule, a framing square, a sliding T bevel, a marking gauge, and a level to your other measuring and laying out tools.

CARE OF HAND TOOLS

The efficiency and life of hand tools will depend on their care. All tools should be kept clean and free of rust. Frequent oiling of movable parts and occasional rubbing of their surfaces will help to keep them new and bright. If the tools are to be stored for any length of time, cover them with a light film of oil or grease.

Cutting tools must be kept sharp for best results. Generally, this requires two steps: first, shaping the bevel on a grinding wheel, and second, honing the cutting bevel on an oil or whetstone. The first bevel can be ground on a coarse stone, but a wheel gives a concave bevel which lasts longer and cuts better. In most cases, grinding and honing are done against the edge.

Saws must be both sharpened and set, but as these processes demand considerable skill and special tools, the beginner is advised to have them done by a professional.

If you choose your hand tools carefully, care for them properly, and learn to use them correctly, there shouldn't be any project, big or small, that you can't do with them. If you are interested in learning more about the many different types of hand tools available, we have prepared a list of leading tool manufacturers whose catalogues are very helpful. This list can be obtained by sending a self-addressed envelope to American Legion Workshop, The American Legion Magazine, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

THE END



"Just the color! Just the color! Nobody's asking you about the size yet!"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



(Continued from page 28)

Carp is a fish with a lot of enemies and a lot of friends. He comes big very often, and lots of fishermen go after him by choice. Carp abounds in the lakes, streams, and bays of our country; and he likes roiled water. He splashes around and frequently comes out of the water sideways instead of head first. That's what makes the splash. Baits are many. Take your choice of doughballs; worms; small balls of cotton soaked in grated, boiled cheese; or dried river clams. Use a small hook and don't put much bait on. Use just enough to cover the barb. Strike fast when your float jiggles or when you feel him sampling your bait.



Outboard motor users will be interested in the new Motrlock, put out by Windsor Machine Products, of Windsor, Vt. It protects the motor from loss by theft, it keeps the handles from turning loose so your motor won't fall overboard, and it enables you to leave your motor in place when you travel with a boat trailer. Cost of Motrlok 25, for the new 25-hp. outboard motors with rubber safety bumper, is \$9.95; Motrlock regular, for all other new outboard motors, sells for \$7.75. Write Legionnaire John Howland at Windsor, Vt., for dealer representation or other information.

Mrs. Reuben Pulkinen of Buhl, Minn., has something for the pikers among us. "With the walleye pike season upon us, I want to pass on some information that has worked wonders for me. If the walleyes aren't biting on a plain minnow, add a large nightcrawler just above the minnow and fish about six inches to a foot from the bottom. We pulled out about 26 pike, ranging from 1½ to 3½ pounds that way. Those long-nosed fish also like a spinner with the spinner removed and just the colored beads remaining."

Charles G. Ridloun, a guide living in Naples, Maine, offers this: "When fishing a lake, try working the shoreline where the wind seems to be heading. The reason: there are flies and bugs on top of the water, and the fish swim along with the wind feeding on the wind-borne bugs or whatever may be floating. I find this 'following the wind' fishing really pays. . . ."

Vacation time affords an opportunity for you Legion riflemen to help instruct groups of youngsters in the handling of firearms. Frequently camp groups are looking for qualified instructors to teach boys hunter's safety rules and marksmanship. If you're a qualified shooter, contact any camp group in your vicinity and see if you can help teach young America how to shoot with safety.



Tony Daniels, 53 New Street, Hudson, Pa. (Wilkes-Barre P. O.), pops up with a new wrinkle. "There are certain days when the water is crystal clear," he says. "Fish should be biting, but they're not. They follow your lure half-heartedly, never strike. I light a match and hold it just far enough away from my chrome spoon lure, so that the smoke will darken the bright metal. This subdues the flash, and there are certain occasions when fish will go for the darkened lure and won't touch the bright one. It has worked for me often."

Good news for reloading fans: The Lyman Gun Sight Corp., Middlefield, Conn., has its new, 160-page *Ideal Handbook* off the presses. It covers every phase of reloading; and its simplified, "movie-style" pictures make reloading easy to understand. The book sells for \$1.00, is the most complete ever put together on hand loading.

We've had some questions: What is the size of the world's record brook trout? And the name of the largest lake located in a single State? Dr. W. J. Cook caught a 14-pound, 8-ounce brookie in the Nipigon River in Ontario, July 1916; still the record. Moosehead Lake, Maine, with an over-all area of 74,800 acres, is the largest body of fresh water within one State in America. Air distance across the lake is said to be 30 miles and the boat route more than 40. Its greatest depth is 246 feet, and it happens to contain plenty of game fish.

Bernard I. Rabin, a dentist of 4753 Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill., lists two items that he feels may be helpful to his fellow anglers.

1. "I always carry a small tube of lather type shaving cream in my fishing tackle box," he advises. "It comes in handy when used in place of bar soap to wash up prior to a shore lunch."

2. "To clean and remove fish odor from the cork portion of any fishing rod, use a small amount of any cleaning fluid or cigarette lighter fluid on a piece of cloth or cotton. It will make the rod look neater and smell sweeter."

If you have a helpful idea that pertains to hunting or fishing, send it along. If we can use it, we'll reward you with a hunting or fishing accessory. Address: **OUTDOOR EDITOR, Rod and Gun Club, The American Legion Magazine, 720 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, New York.**

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— F. G. KERNAN

Stingy

Visiting in a small town, she was entranced at the exquisite beauty of a pair of fair-haired little girls playing in the yard next door. Calling her hostess's ten year old son, she asked who they were.

"Aw, they're just th' doctor's kids," he replied. "He always keeps th' best for himself."

— MARY ALKUS



"They don't build people today like they used to!"

Early Slow-down

Too many people stop seeking employment after they've found a job.

— BOB GRILLO

Sure-fire Formula

*How to win friends? I have found out
There's really not much to it:
Learn what they like to talk about,
Then listen while they do it!*
— S. OMAR BARKER

On the Wings of Words

It's too bad the person who is carried away with the sound of his own voice isn't.

— AL M. SCHAEFER

... And Consternation

A lawyer of the Old South had argued for three days in court without a pause. His brief was a masterpiece of classical learning, but it was tiresome. Finally the judge said:

"Sir, without wishing to intimate in any way that the court would not be delighted to listen to your whole argument, I must suggest that the docket is somewhat



crowded, and that if you could condense your argument a little, it might help your client's cause."

The attorney smiled at the suggestion.

"Your Honor," he replied, "that thought was in my mind when I prepared my argument. Suh, for the next four days my brief is a perfect marvel of condensation!"

— DAN BENNETT

Near Miss

"Money isn't Everything,"

It merely is the payment

For drinks, cigars, and shows and cars,
Parties and rent and raiment.

It's only stuff you use to bring

Your food home from the grocer.

No, money isn't Everything,

But, tell me, what comes closer?

— BERTON BRALEY

Practical Point

More or less dragged by his wife, a rural fellow went to see his first ballet. He was obviously intrigued by all the tip-toe danc-

ing and the pirouettes and he finally turned to his wife and said, "What I can't understand is why they didn't just get taller girls in the first place!"

— HAROLD HELFER

How to Keep Friends

*You inherit Mom and Pop,
Your uncles, aunts and nieces.
You're the one who picks your friends,
So don't pick them to pieces.*

— JACK HERBERT

Feeding the Mind as Well

Most banquets turn out to be full discourse dinners.

— ED WHITTAKER

Germis Beware!

The young mother was taking every precaution to insure a sanitary existence for her infant son. In fact, up to the time he was three months old, visitors were not permitted to see the baby unless they wore gauze face masks. One day the mother turned to the father and said:

"Junior seems to be cutting a tooth and I suppose I should find out about it somehow."

"Well," suggested her husband, "my mother used to put her finger in the baby's mouth and ..."

Noticing the horrified expression on his wife's face, he gently added:

"Oh, of course you boil the finger first."

— FRANCIS GERARD

Encompassing

Girdle: Blubber band.

— EARLE SAYLES BENNETT

Strapless Evening Gown

*If your wife insists
She's going to wear it
You might as well grin
And let her bare it!*

— HAL CHADWICK



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